TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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In Search of Summer.

TOPO CHICO, MONTERREY,
MEXICO, Jan. 6, '91.

The other day—it doesn't matter what day, for down here in Mexico there is neither almanac nor thermometer—I introduced myself to a cream-colored mustang I had hired at thirty seven and a half cents a day, and proposed to go for a ride. The pony moved slowly but persistently from one place to another and I began to suspect a grin upon the countenances of the Mexican persons who had congregated about the door of the *tienda*, when by a sudden movement I fixed the end of my game leg in the stirrup and by hanging on to the horn of the saddle was pulled into the seat I desired to occupy. I felt an inclination to ride up to the grinning loungers and explain that I had broken and ridden more horses than they had ever seen, but recognizing the bad taste of such a performance, contented myself with cantering away followed by my friend and travelling companion who shall be known in this narrative as the Q.C. It would ill behoove me to speak of my friend in slighting terms, but if you had seen him ride away from the combination Mexican store and saloon, you would have laughed. His pony was probably mature as to years, but it looked like a yearling colt, and was as lean and shaggy as if it had wintered on the windy side of a straw stack. The Q C.'s legs are not overly long, but to avoid stubbing his toes he had his stirrups screwed up until his knees and hips were on the same level. His bridle was a piece of rope tied around the plug's nose, and as we ambled out of the village his returkey appearance provoked general comment. I like the Q C. because he is insensible to flattery of this sort. He looked as unconscious as if he were not funny enough to be the first act of a minstrel show.

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Down the stony street to the bath house, where the loungers grinned and a Mexican muttered: "Look at the big man and the poor little horse," up the dusty hill and along the narrow *calle* we jogged, past the washing-place where women were using the ditch to cleanse their clothes, we urged our steeds, both of which were loth to leave the village behind. Then came the little jacals or huts in which the poorer people live, their little courtyard tenanted by their goats and jackass, perhaps by a lean horse or mangy cow, a pile of cornstalks or a bundle of straw. We stumbled over the irrigating ditches where they crossed the road, cried out "*Buenos tardes*" to those we met, and thought ourselves unusually polite. The Mexican expects to be saluted when he is met, and "*Buenas tardes*" is "good afternoon;" "*Buenos dias*," "good morning," and "*Buena noche*," "good night." The roads are not fenced in as they are with us, but are simply rutty roads through the towns with low adobe houses on either side, and in the country mere trails bordered by mosquitt hedges or a waste of cactus and sage brush. As we left Topo Chico behind and saw Topo Grande in front, we rode over the foothills of the mountain which gives the name to the first village. The Mexican National Railway crosses the plain, and dim trails divide it into strangely shaped sections of untilled land, which needs nothing but water to make it fertile and blooming with everything which can be raised in a semi tropical clime. Across those hills came a wind which has no counterpart in Canada—a breeze which is both warm and bracing. Once again I felt I was in Mexico! The movement of the horse under me, the shrill cry of the hawk above, the eagle soaring far heavenward, the black birds strutting about, the far away cry of the vaquero, the creaking of the cart wheels and the oats of the driver, like the air of a half forgotten song they came back and the days when I lived in the saddle and the nights I slept on the ground were no longer separated from me by a dozen years, but were again as yesterday and filled with an animal joy of which to-day held a part. The mountains looked down, and as we cantered along and the sun sank low, their shadows fell athwart the trail with a chill which in this elevated country always comes with eventide. I was so happy, so hilariously happy, that when I sat down to write, this reunion with a happy past was first to suggest itself to my pen. Mexico and the Mexican do not suggest stilettos and ambushes, revolutions and lawlessness as they do to some; they remind me that once before when I was sick and almost hopeless I came and was both cured and comforted. Everything about me is just as it was, the people and the adobe huts are the same, the swarthy faces and dark eyes, the courteous salutation, the generous hearts are unchanged just as the ignorance and contentment remains the same.

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To begin at the beginning of this trip we—*i.e.* —Mrs. Don, the Q. C. and myself, started from Toronto on Christmas afternoon on a C. P. R. and Wabash car, the magnificence and comfort of which has not been rivalled by anything we have since been in. It makes me proud to think how the Canadian Pacific Road stands admittedly at the head of the great trunk routes in its equipment, and the system of advertising which has made it known even this far south as the king of the railways on this continent. Chicago was rainy, slushy and bustling as usual. I dislike Chicago; it seems to be the most soulless and selfish congregation of people in America. At night we started for St. Louis, and had an apartment in one of the superb Wabash cars. They are a vast improvement on the older style in which the berths were crosswise of the train. These are lengthwise and nearly every apartment contains hot and cold water and all the conveniences of one's home, while being as brilliantly lighted and private as the sitting-room of a private dwelling. That this apartment can be furnished at four dollars a night suggests the enormous profits made out of the ordinary Pullman berths at the same price. After twelve hours in St. Louis we took the Iron Mountain route southward, the snow and chill of winter still hanging about us as we searched for summer. Little Rock was nearly reached before the snow disappeared, and we were in Texas before it became reasonably warm. In Arkansas the scenery began to change, and the gum trees, swamp pine and live oaks looked strange and lonely. The huts were miserable and the darkies swarmed at every station to see the Iron Mountain flyer go through. It being Sunday, gay colors and stiffly starched cotton were everywhere, accompanied by astounding displays of brilliant hosiery, as the colored belles protected their skirts from the dust and brush while the train whirled past. Texas is a wonderful state. Everything betokens enterprise, plenty and a spirit of liberty and confidence. Were I to select a rural home in the United States I should settle in Texas. It has a great future, it is ruled by the producing classes, has such a multitude of available crops and it is still in its infancy with a territory, climate and future offered no where else outside of our North West and ahead of that region only in the, to me, great inducement—warmth. It has no city with a population of over fifty thousand, and is singularly free from ring and monopoly rule. By the way, it is, more strongly than any other State in the Union in fact, almost unanimously in favor of free trade.

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On Monday afternoon we reached Laredo, on the Rio Grande. Across the broad river bed, in which no great quantity of water was flowing, lay Mexico, the adjacent plains, which, like those we had been passing over in Texas for the past hundred miles, are uninhabited and fruitless and covered with mosquit and cactus. Laredo, Texas, is a thriving city with electric street cars, lights and good waterworks. The keeper of the best hotel is a Canadian, and a charming afternoon was spent in examining the queer old Mexican town, around which a modern city is growing up. It is the best health resort in Texas for consumptives, and is even warmer than Monterey. An old Spanish sea captain took us across the river to Nuevo Laredo, a busy place, with imposing municipal buildings, in front of which marched the military sentinels—soldiers are the police of Mexico. We had considerable fun getting our American bills changed into Mexican money. The captain knew the nature of the people with whom he had to deal and made no bargain until he had pitted every probable buyer against the other. He got 125 for American money in one instance, but for the balance we received but 125—the price which, by the way, was paid by the Mexican National Railway people at their office in the station. We took this line southward, and too much could not be said of the courtesy, both of Mr. Gonzalis, the station-master at New Laredo, and of the Mexican customs officials who searched the baggage. One expects anything but politeness nowadays from customs searchers at points popularly used for smuggling; but the officials at New Laredo can give points in good manners to both United States and Canadian inspectors along our borders.

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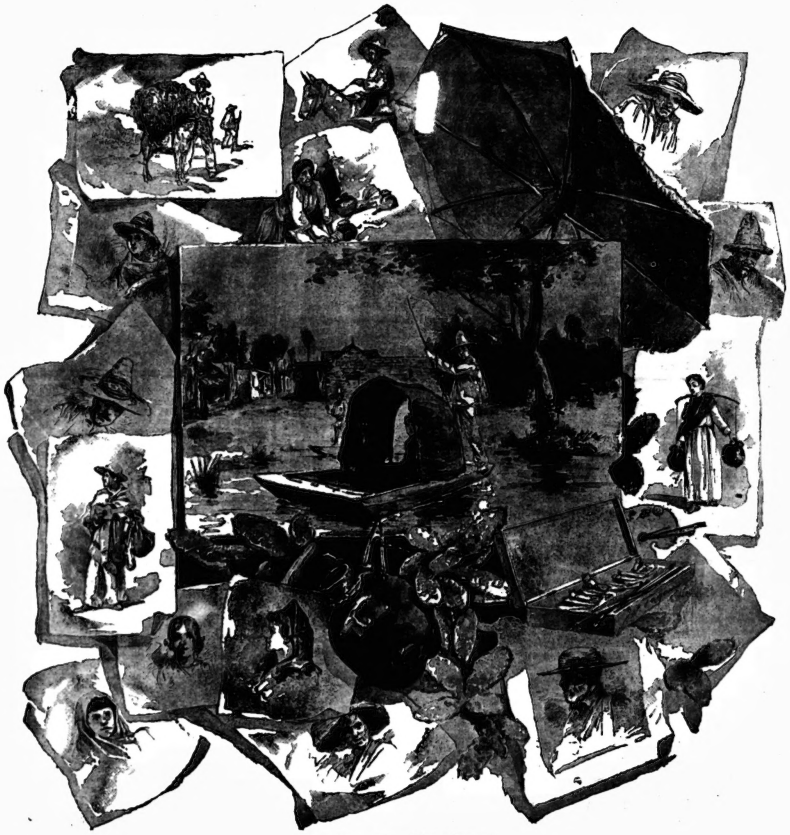
This introductory letter, written to give me a starting place, is long enough. Next week I hope to give you some interesting illustrations and a description of Monterey, and the famous hot springs at Topo Chico. I do so hope you envy me a little bit! Half the pleasure of being down here in this summer land would be missing if one could not imagine the folks at home feeling real sorry as they read, that they too could not wander in orange groves where the fruit is hanging ripe in the softest winds that ever blew. Just think of a gentle sun which shines with the warmth of July and leaves us to sleep 'neath a pair of blankets in a night as cool as October! Confess now that you wish you were here! I shall not at this point give any particulars of those surroundings which are less pleasant than summer suns, balmy breezes and sweet-scented orange groves, but I can assure you the average is reduced to a degree where we are not too exuberantly glad that we are alive. As I finish I remember that fourteen years ago while writing from Mexico I first signed myself

DON.



"SEEN IN MEXICO"

Around Town.

DEAR DON: I graduated in medicine last spring, and have been unable to find a good place to settle down. Could you by inserting a paragraph find me a good place? I am not married, but will be as soon as I settle down. ÆSCULAPIUS.

I like to see men "settle down" to business, but it is notorious that young men who have the nucleus of an education such as a college course gives them, are apt to think the main work of their life is over—all that now remains is to find some good place to "settle down." How unconscious they are of the appropriateness of that expression. To them it means to get a position as a teacher or to rush through law, medicine, theology, civil engineering, and settle in a locality which is selected chiefly because the competition will be slight, get married, make a living, and trust to luck for something to happen to make them rich. It may mean all this, and yet have the meaning which I ascribe to it under such circumstances, that such a settling down is settling down to the bottom. Young man, if you cannot fly, if the bottom is the place where you calculate to go, why "settle." If you believe that your industry and brains are so unworthy of a higher place, "settle." It is the best thing you can do but if you are capable of the grind which shall give you good standing in a college, when you get through, if your money is all spent go and earn some more, be frugal but never be too mean to see what is going on. When you travel, stay at good hotels until you thoroughly understand that part of life, if you do not understand it already. After that, stay at cheap ones and learn that part of life, but always try to see the good ones before you see the bad, otherwise you will degrade your ideal and be satisfied with low things. If you have money enough to study medicine, for instance, study it, learn what is to be learned. Practice it in any place where you can make money, but don't "settle down." When you make a little money see the hospitals of Great Britain or the continent, make the acquaintance of eminent practitioners, go back and practice some more, study some more, all the time make every acquaintance possible who will be of value to you, and do all the good to the poor that you can, that you may be of value to them as well as to yourself. Avoid all those who are neither of value to you nor you to them. If you study law decide where you want to go to make your career. If you cannot afford to go there at once go somewhere else. Do the best you can. Broaden your mind by travel and experience, by making the acquaintance of people who will be mentally and every way helpful to you. It is better to sit still in the company of men who have a place in the world than to be chief spokesman in a company of men who, when you have done, won't know whether you are a fool or a philosopher. If you are ambitious, give yourself at least ten or fifteen years to grow after you have graduated, but don't "settle down."

* * *

I do not mean by this advice to advise you to move from one small town to another, or from one office to another, or from one business or profession to another, but make it your aim to go where you can make the most money and friends, and get experience and growth. After you get any size, when you become noticeable in a small way, you will see a chance to climb up. Then, young man, is when you should begin to climb. Climb with both hands and both feet and hang on with your teeth. Even if you seem at the moment to fall, people will see you and prize you for the fight you make and they will give you a chance to fight for them. The world loves a good fighter. After you are sure of your wings don't be afraid to fly. Locate if you like, but never "settle down." Even after you have climbed up, don't then let the impulse to settle down weight your wings or you may come down much more quickly than you went up. Never "settle down." Always keep on climbing up. It is only a little world, we have only a little time in it, and the life that is filled with endeavor uplifted by hope will be crowned by success, and you will never be found among the dregs at the bottom where people have been smothered who "settled down."

DON.

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Hon. Charles H. Tupper in his speech at the banquet given to Mr. Plimsoll by the National Club the other evening, touched on a subject which tickles every patriotic Torontonian. It was when he set forth the picture of our own sweet bay with five or six Atlantic steamships sprawling their leviathan lengths over its glassy bosom. This is the kind of talk that falls like "the gentle rain from heaven" on the ears of the real estate shark who is loaded up with lots in Lambton, Richmond Hill, Markham and other districts lying between Toronto bay and Lake Simcoe. Toronto bids fair to become a great city in time. What possibilities are not in store for her if she should become the terminus of the Atlantic lines? As the Hon. Charles intimated, it is by no means improbable that some day such may be the case. There seems to be no limit to the triumphs of engineering in these days. But if engineering skill can bring the ocean steamers to Toronto what is to prevent its carrying them on to the end of the great chain of lakes? The Niagara Falls has not proved an insurmountable obstacle to lake navigation. Neither would it in this case. What then is to prevent Port Arthur, Duluth or Chicago from becoming seaports? This would side track Toronto, as bringing the ocean steamers to Toronto would side track Montreal. Though this would not prevent either of these places from becoming great cities, yet it would remove from both of them the advantages gained by being the shipping point for the greater portion of the continent. In all probability the great city of the Dominion will yet spring up on the rocky, muskeggy site of Port Arthur or Fort William. There will be the shipping point for the produce of the toiling millions, who will yet swarm over the great plains of the west. However, we want to first see the ocean greyhounds in Toronto bay.

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By the will of the late Emma Abbott there was a bequest of $5000 given to each of nine different churches of various denominations. It is not often that the profits of the stage are so munificently lavished on the church. When it is considered that the church more often bestows anathemas than anything milder on the stage and all connected with it, it looks very much like a case of returning good for evil. Writing of this recalls to mind an

anecdote circulated about Miss Abbott some years ago. A western preacher took advantage of the presence of Miss Abbott and some members of her company in his church one Sunday, to launch a few of his choicest thunderbolts against the theatrical profession. His language proved too much for Miss Abbott's forbearance, and she rose from her seat and then and there took him to task for his intemperate remarks. She insinuated that he was a prevaricator, was talking of something of which he was ignorant and metaphorically mopped the floor with him. It is creditable to the actress to caricature that she was above the narrow prejudices which often lead men and women into error; and by her splendid donation to these churches, showed that she was as magnanimous as she was pugnacious.

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In an interview published in one of the daily papers recently Stanley Africanus is reported as having declared himself sick and tired of lecturing. The inference is that he wants to go exploring again. Why doesn't Khedive Clarke signalize his fourth term by getting Stanley to organize an expedition to go into Darkest Toronto to rescue and bring to light the Carnival accounts.

* * *

The war still goes merrily on between the big dailies of this city. The latest phase of the situation is the bluff given by the *Mail* the other day to its two esteemed contemporaries, the *Empire* and *Globe*, in the question of circulation. It is quite evident to any one who keeps an eye on all three that for some time past the pruning knife has been vigorously applied all around. That a great deal of hard cash is going into a yawning hole somewhere in the neighborhood of these journals is a safe guess. When one sees two or more papers each bearing the legend, "Positively the largest circulation of any paper in Toronto," he at once realizes the pitiable straits to which keen competition will reduce even great newspapers. The only pretext for the publication of such a patent falsehood on someone's part is the supposition that business men see only one paper and rely on what it tells them. As a matter of fact business men laugh at these things. Most of them know that any of these papers has circulation enough to bring them the value of their advertisements in it, and when they patronize one instead of the other it is usually on account of political, or religious, partisanship, or some private feeling. To trot out the "circulation liar" is a sure sign of weakness. The paper which is building up a solid reputation and a circulation by the excellence of its contents is above resorting to such devices to attract custom. VAN.

Social and Personal.

On Wednesday evening last Mrs. Cawthra of College street welcomed a large company of friends in honor of the coming out of her second daughter, Miss Helena Cawthra. The vestibule was arranged for the musicians, and the library, hall and dining-room were used for dancing. Mrs. Cawthra received her guests in the drawing-room, and they speedily found their way to the rooms where lightly-shod feet were gaily beating time to the music. Sitting out places were in abundance, for a covered-in veranda, and the two upper halls were cosily furnished with seats. Mrs. Cawthra received her guests in an elegantly fashioned gown of gray faille relieved with pink, and ornamented with pearl embroidery. Miss Cawthra wore white silk and snowballs, Miss Helena Cawthra white silk and daisies.

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The following guests were present: Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Arkle, Miss Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. Frank Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Miss and Mr. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Boultbee and Miss Boultbee, Mr. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Beatty, Miss Beaumont, Mr. and Miss Bickford, the Misses and Mr. Boulton, Mrs. Melrick Bankes, Mr. Harbourne, Mr. Hugh Baker, Mr. Bruce, Mr. R Baldwin, Miss and Messrs. Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Melford Boulton, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Burns, Mr. and the Misses Bethune, Mr. Ralph Bruce, Mr. A. G. Boyd, Mr. W. H. and Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Brough, Mr. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Baines, the Misses and Mr. W. Boulton, Mr. J. Boyd, Mr. H. Baines, Mr. Frank Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson, Dr. T. S. Covernton, Mr. and Mrs. and W. Churchill Cockburn, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. Kenneth Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Clark, Mr. Capreole, Mr. Maquet Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Miss Covernton, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Drayton, Miss Dawson, Miss and Miss DuMoulin, the Misses Dupont, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. Edgar, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. Pelham Edgar, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Foy, Mr. Sidney Green, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Dr. and Mrs. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Greene, Mr. Scott Griffin, Mrs. Heron, Mr., Mrs. and the Miss Hagarty, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mr. Stephen Heward, Mr. and Miss Hamilton, Mr. Hartshorn, Mr. and Miss Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mr. Shaes, Hart, Miss Howitt, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Hinsworth, Mr. Hamilton Jarvis, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Ince, Mr. James Ince, Miss Keefer, Mr. and Mrs. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Jones, Mr. Wallace Jones, Mr. F. C. Jarvis, Miss Jones, Mr. Beamont Jarvis, Mr. F. and Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Langmuir, the Misses Lockhart, Mr. Labatt, Mr. Hugh Leach, Mr. Lount, Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. McMurrich, Miss Dewar, Mr. Stewart Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. McPherson, Mrs. John Michie, Miss and Mr. J. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Miss Muntz, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mr. F. Michie, Mr. George Michie, Mr. Cesar Marani, Mr. and Mrs. W. Muloch, Mr. Muloch, Miss MacCarthy, the Misses McCutchin, Mr. and Mrs. McDonnell, Mr. Percy Manning, Mr. and Mrs. MacCulloch, Mr. Watson, the Misses Morphy, Mr. Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. McMaster, the Misses McLean, Mr. and the Misses Mason, Mr. D'Arcy McMahon, Miss Minnie Mills, Miss Michie, Mr. MacMillan, Mr. Mowat, Mr. W. L. and Miss Miller, Mr. R. McDonald, Mr. MacLennan, Mrs. Morgan, Mr. Matthews, Miss Morrison, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Osler, Miss Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Dr. and Mrs. Natrass, Mr., Mrs. and Ridout, Mr. Grant Ridout, Dr. and Mrs. Riordon, Mr. Beverley Robinson, the Misses Rutherford, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Richards, Mr. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Rae, Mrs. Ruttan, Mr. Pauw, the Misses Proudfoot, Mr. and Mrs. A. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Mr. and Miss Parsons, the Misses Pope, Mr. George Powell, Miss and the Misses Small, the Misses Sweatman, Miss Strange, Miss Larratt-Smith, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Harvey and Miss Smith, Mrs. and Miss Skae, Mr. George Stinson, Dr. Strange, Mr. Arthur Sweatman, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Sullivan, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Scarth, Dr. J. and Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Mr. and Miss Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Tait, Mr. and Mrs. Tidswell, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Thornton Todd, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Dugald McMurchy, the Misses Waldie, Mrs. Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley, Mr. and Miss Vickers, Mr. Vankoughnet, Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. Ernest Vankoughnet, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Miss Young, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Clinton, Mr. Michie, Mr. Kingsmill, Mr. Stewart Houston, Mr. Percy Oates, Mr. Bogert, Mr. Piddington, Mrs. Ramsey Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Capt. Mewburn, Baron von Hugel, the Misses Monroe, Mr. and Mrs. Langton, Mr. W. F. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mr. H. H. Langton, Mr. and the Misses Homer Dixon, Mr. Martland, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Cameron, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. F. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brough.

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Mrs. T. C. Wallbridge and family of Belleville have taken up residence at 244 Bloor street west.

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Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street gave a luncheon on Thursday of which I shall write more next week.

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Mrs. Campbell of Queen's Park entertained a large number of friends at a dance on Thursday last.

*

Dr. J. D. Thorborn and Dr. Fred Winnett arrived from Berlin on Tuesday.

*

Lieut. Col. P. Macpherson of Ottawa was in town this week.

*

Mrs. Paul Campbell of Wellesley street gave a very delightful At Home on Tuesday, January 13. Among those present were Mrs. and Miss Irene Guerney, Mrs. and Miss Morphy, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Young, Miss Kennedy, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Milligan, Mrs. Cockshutt, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Greig, Miss Waldie, Mrs. Tackaberry, Mrs Graham, Mrs. and Miss Aikins, Miss Rosebrugh, Mrs. and Miss Mara, Mrs. King, Mrs. Britton, Miss Rogers, Mrs. Millichamp, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. C. A. B. Brown and Miss Hutchison.

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Miss Macnamara of 109 Alexander street gave a most enjoyable card party on Monday evening last.

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The residence of Mrs. F. J. Phillips of Queen's Park was the scene of a very delightful At Home, on Tuesday evening, January 2. The spacious drawing rooms were filled with the youth and beauty of Toronto. The music was everything that could be desired. Refreshments were served during the evening, and it was not until the small hours of the morning that the guests departed, all expressing their delight at having spent such an enjoyable evening.

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Mrs. Botsford of St. George street welcomed a large circle of friends to an At Home on Tuesday last. Dancing was pleasurably participated in by the throng of guests for whose comfort and convenience so much care had been exercised.

*

Miss Lay of Mervyn House gave a pleasantly arranged tea on Thursday last. There were present Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Mrs. Gunther, Miss Gunther, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Playfair, Mrs. Milligan, Miss Milligan, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Scott, Miss Scott, Mrs. Cockshutt, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Reed, Miss Reed, Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Miss Clark, Mrs. Gregg, Mrs. Blaikie, Miss Blaikie, Mrs. Rathburn and Mrs. Ewart.

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Mrs. Lewis of London is a guest at Oaklands.

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A most pleasant reunion of the members and friends of Chesterfield Lodge took place on Monday night to celebrate the installation by the supreme grand president of the order, Ald. Swait. A pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation of a splendidly illuminated address and president's jewel to the late president of the lodge, Mr. J. Lister Nicholl, to whose untiring energy and executive ability Lodge Chesterfield owes its inception and its present position of assured success. A varied programme of songs, recitations and speeches by Messrs. H. M. Blight, W. C. Ramsay, Sam Jones, George Tyler and Ald. Frankland served to fill up a most enjoyable evening. Amongst those present were: Grand President Swait, P. G. P. Cooper, P. G. P. Skippon, P. G. P. Carrett, D. D. E. Davis, D. D. Wootton, J. J. Mitchener, J. D. Young, S. Walker, J. Lomas, B. Jones, F. Toogood, J. Mallon, H. J. Boswell, A. H. Young, W. Barker, J. Reynolds (proprietor Anglo-Saxon, Ottawa), G. N. Muntz and T. Clatworthy.

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Mr. Joseph Power and Miss Power of Toronto have departed for a three months' sojourn in Florida and the south.

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Miss Gerty Robbins left for her home in Walkerville on Wednesday after a pleasant visit in Toronto.

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Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Badgerow, with their two youngest sons, will leave on January 27 for the Bermudas, there to spend three or four months. The County Crown Attorney is in ill-health, the result of too close application to business and has been advised by his physician to spend some time in a warmer climate. Mr. E. F. B. Johnston will take his position during his absence.

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The Canadian Shorthand Society spent a pleasant and profitable evening at the Y. M. C. A. on Thursday. Technical papers were read by Messrs. Albert Horton of the *Hansard* and Mr. W. J. Solomon, followed by discussion. These were interspersed with songs and recitations.

*

I hear that Right Rev. Dr. William Mazee, Bishop of Peterborough, who has been appointed to the Archbishopric of York, is a cousin of Mr. William Armstrong, civil engineer, of the Priory, Esther street.

*

Mrs. Jones, wife of the Hon. L. M. Jones, late Provincial Treasurer of Manitoba, now of Brantford, is the guest of Mrs. W. D. Wilson of St. George street.

*

The Q. O. R. Buglers first smoking concert of the season was held in their new and commodious mess rooms on Colborne street last Saturday evening. Amidst the dense smoke of pipe and cigar, songs, recitations, etc., were given in capital style by Messrs. Stephens, Winters, Archison and Bugler Booz. Selections by the Queen City Mandolin and Guitar Quartette, an exhibition of club swinging by Mr. A. E. Hurst, a guitar solo from Mr. Geo. Smedley, and three selections from the Buglers Orchestra made an excellent programme, which the smokers thoroughly enjoyed. Bugle-Major Swift was chairman and Bugler A. L. E. Davies presided at the piano.

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Mr. W. G. Hurst, an honorary member of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club, who has been abroad for nearly a year, is expected home shortly.

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The Zetland Masonic Lodge gives an annual At Home on January 23.

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The Yacht Club Ball, on February 4, is an event which is receiving a great deal of attention from those who are anticipating the pleasure of attending.

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The Employing Printers' Association, hold a banquet in honor of the birthday of Benjamin Franklin this evening at the Rossin House.

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The marriage of Miss Irving of Sherbourne street to Robert S. Wilson at old St. Andrews church next Tuesday evening will rob the young people of two more of their favorites.

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I have received a very pretty card announcing the fourth annual At Home of the Wanderers' Snowshoe Club, which will take place in the Horticultural Pavilion on the evening of the 30th inst. The arrangements are in charge of a capable committee, and the gathering bids fair to eclipse all the previous successes which the club has scored in their direction. The band of the Royal Grenadiers has been engaged as an orchestra, and will play for the first time in public, the new "Jersey" by Mr. R. S. Peniston, entitled Wheeling, and dedicated to the "Wanderers."

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Mrs. Greville Harston of 506 Dovercourt road is dangerously ill.

*

Lodge St. Albans, No. 76, S. O. E. B. S., held their first annual supper at Bro. Harry Morgan's restaurant, Jordan street, on Tuesday, January 13. A very pleasant evening was spent and the visitors, and representatives from sister Lodges had an excellent time. Some very fine songs were rendered by Bro. W. Griffith, Bro. Harper, Mr. Wardman and Bro. Moon. Speeches from P. S. G. P. Bro. Caddick, Bro. Jackson, Bro. Swait, Bro. Watkins, and a host of others brought the proceedings to a happy conclusion.

*

The Queen's Hotel and Walker House held their third annual ball at the Academy of Music last night.

*

The Cavendish Club has issued invitations bidding the recipients to a ball to be held in Webb's Assembly Rooms, January 29, 1891. It will be under the patronage of His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. E. King-Dodds, Major and Mrs. Wm. McSpadden, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Verral, and the committee comprises: J. Austen, President; S. G. Wells, treasurer; W. Barker, secretary; W. Morison, A. Wylie, and J. Marrow.

Art and Artists.

The Central Ontario school of Art and Design, or the Toronto Art school under its new management, began work on Monday last in its rooms at 173 King street, West. The school is in affiliation with the Ontario Society of Artists and is carried on by the members of that body. The teaching staff includes Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A., Mr. M. Matthews, R.C.A., Mr. J. W. L. Forster, A.R.C.A. and Mr. William Revell, A.R.C.A. Pupils are taught all branches of art from free hand drawing to painting in oils and modeling in clay and the fees are very moderate. It is to be hoped the new school will be a success as such an institution is much needed in Toronto.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Ontario Society of Artists on Tuesday evening the following committee of entertainment was appointed: Messrs. W. Cutt's, F. L. Foster, F. M. Bell-Smith, J. A. Radford, H. McCarthy, Aylesworth, W. A. Sherwood and J. W. L. Forster. Mr. Berthon was elected to a life membership.

*

Mr. A. D. Patterson of Ottawa has been commissioned to paint a portrait of Sir William Ritchie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, for the National gallery.

*

At the meeting of the Architectural Sketch Club on Monday evening an instructive lecture was delivered on Stone, Its Qualities and Uses, by Mr. Joseph Yorke.

*

Mr. Thomas Mowbray, architectural sculptor, has in his studio in the Yonge street Arcade some beautiful carving designed for St. Albans Cathedral. Mr. Mowbray has recently completed a bust of Mr. Frank Turner C. E., which is said to be an excellent likeness of that gentleman.

*

The artists propose to give a fancy dress ball at the Art Gallery on Shrove Tuesday.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

The Barrie Bachelors' ball took place Wednesday evening, January 7, in the Town Hall, and was even a greater success than the one given the year previous. The hall was splendidly utilized and made an ideal ball room. The floor, as to dancing capacity and smoothness, was perfect, but the first impression of the guests on entering was expressed in terms of delight, ecstasy and admiration, for the scene was one of splendor and brilliancy which will long be remembered. Col. O'Brien and the officers of the 35 h battalion appeared in uniform. Other regiments were also represented, and with the many handsome and becoming gowns of the fair sex the floor formed a picture of brilliancy which afforded pleasure to all lookers on. The following is a partial list of those present: Sir Cornelius and Lady Kortright, Col. and Mrs. Tyrwhitt of Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Spry, Mrs. Vansittart, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Cotter, Mrs. Charles Temple of Toronto, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Mason, Miss Harrison of Toronto, Dr. and Miss McCarthy, the Misses Symonds, Mayor and Mrs. Pepler, Capt. Bird, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Spotton, Miss Hewett, Mr. and Mrs. J. McCarthy, Miss Brydon, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lennox, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Raikes, Mrs. and the Misses Baird, Mr. and Mrs. Sandfield Macdonald, Mr. and Miss Ramsay of Orillia, Mr. Esten, Mr. Chapman, Mr. R. Scadding of Orillia, Mr. and Mrs. H. Morris, Miss Moffat of Toronto, Lieut. and Mrs. Kortright, Miss Major, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. W. and Miss Campbell, Mr. Vaux Chadwick of Toronto, Mrs. L. Beatty, Miss Wood of Millbrook, Mr. F. Jackson of Toronto, Miss Hall and Miss Finlay of Guelph, Mrs. Johnson of Toronto, Miss Schreiber, Mr. W. A. Boys, Miss Reiner, Mr. Sweatman of Toronto, Mr. and Miss Dyment, Capt. Roche of Toronto, Dr. Coulter of Aurora, Mr. T. and the Misses Baker, Miss Henderson of Montreal, Miss Matheson of Dakota, Messrs. Bruce, Scott, Houston, Stovel and Bolster of Orillia, Messrs. Smellie, Coleman, Hunter, Senkler, Armstrong, Delaney and Hall of Toronto, the Misses Murphy, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Forsyth, Mr. and Mrs. McKeggie, Mr. Laidlaw of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Hogarth, Miss Hillary, the Misses Tracey and Mr. Nicol of Aurora, Capt. Gray of Coldwater, Capt. Burnett of Orillia, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. F. Baker, and Miss Boston of Toronto, Mr. Buell of Brockville, Mr. Charter of Toronto, Mr. J. S. Porter of Collingwood, Mr. MacGivern of Hamilton, Dr. Arnall, Dr. and Mrs. Rolfes of Midland, Mayor and Mrs. Rogers, Dr. E. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. George Rogers, Mrs. McKee of Gravenhurst, Mrs. Simpson, Miss Dickie of Kansas, Miss Holgate of Milton, Dr. A. Ardagh of Orillia, the Misses Thompson of Toronto, Mrs. Ardagh of Orillia, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. T. and Miss Boys, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. F. Norman, Mr. Fitton of Orillia, the Misses Souter of Toronto, Miss F. Knowlson of Lindsay, Mr. Wilgriss of Clarksburg, Mr. G. Fraser, Mr. F. Steven, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Bickle, Mr. and Miss Meeking, Mrs. Gibbs of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Holster and Miss Corbett of Orillia, Mr. and Miss Henderson, Miss Flemming of Toronto, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Pearce of Peterboro, Miss Stoddart, Miss Taylor and Miss Tyrwhitt of Bradford, Mr. Keating, Mr. Gillett, Mr. Crease, Mr. and Miss Sanders, Miss Telfer, Miss Harper, Mr. C. Bird, Mr. H. Lennox and others. Dancing commenced about nine o'clock, and it was not until far into the small hours that the ballroom began to appear deserted by those who had enjoyed so much pleasure at this successful and charming event. OCULAIRE.

HAMILTON.

Mrs. Russell of Detroit is the guest of Mrs. Hendrie of the Homestead, Charles street.

Miss Ball of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs. O Hielly of Catherine street.

On Monday afternoon Miss Barker welcomed a great many of her friends to afternoon tea, given in honor of her sister, Miss Frances Barker, who has recently returned from England.

Miss Coldham of Toledo is the guest of Miss Sinclair of Herkimer street.

Mrs. Ernest Smith of London was in town for a few days, the guest of Mrs. MacLaren of Oak Bank.

Several of our people attended the Brantford ball last Friday evening. The Thirteenth band of Hamilton furnished the music, which was perfect, as it always is, and judging from the number of dances, thirty-three, they must have enjoyed themselves and the music immensely. The Misses Domville, Sinclair, Turner, Coldham and Mrs. Heron were some of the ladies present.

Mrs. Leggat gave a delightful luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Russell of Detroit.

Miss Hattie Martin of Cayuga is the guest of Mrs. Richard Martin of John street.

Mrs. C. S. Scott entertained several of her friends to luncheon on Wednesday.

Miss Walker gave a skating party on Thursday evening.

The carol service held in the Cathedral last Wednesday was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and all the carols were beautifully sung by the choristers from the different choirs of the churches, all being under the the directorship of Choirmaster Robinson. The church was filled long before eight, and everyone was delighted with the service.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie gave a charming dinner, in honor of Mrs. Russell of Detroit, to the following friends: Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Burton, Mr. Dewar, Mr. and Mrs. R. Morris and Mr. Ferrie.

Miss Watson gave a skating party on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Gartshore gave a tea on Wednesday evening.

Great is the anticipation awaiting the Masonic ball on the 30th. The music will be by the Thirteenth band, and that speaks for itself.

F company, Thirteenth Battalion, had their annual supper on Monday evening at Newport's. A very jolly time was spent.

Mrs. Reginald Kennedy will give a parlor concert next week in aid of the Cathedral Guild. Some excellent talent is expected.

The Harris Orchestral Club will give their concert in Association Hall on January 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Allan of Brockville are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Graves.

Miss G. Martin is visiting friends in Toronto. SYLVIA.

Walking Postage Stamps.

A certain Mr. Evans stood in a post-office preparing to post a letter, and had just moistened two halfpenny stamps, when they slipped from his fingers and fluttered to the floor.

Mr. Evans, who is a portly man, looked at them in disgust, and then stooped to pick them up.

Before he could put his fingers upon them, however, they began to move slowly away from him along the floor.

He drew back and gazed at the spectacle with astonishment and terror. When they reached the side of the room they began slowly to ascend the wall.

Mr. Evans was so astonished that he rushed off to see a friend and begged him to feel his pulse, for he thought that something was wrong with himself.

When he returned, the stamps had risen halfway to the ceiling, and were still gliding upwards.

Happily for Mr. Evan's sanity, the square bits of red paper just then altered their course, and began to descend, and soon they were within the reach of his hand.

Then the mystery was explained. The moistened stamps had fallen on a big fly's back and had stuck to the insect, which naturally enough started off with them.

Limitations of Genius.

Book Publisher—I have looked over the manuscript which you submitted to us, and find a good plot, many well drawn characters, and some picturesque word-painting, but the love-scenes are cold and stilted. Can't you improve on them?

Authoress (wearily)—I am afraid not. I'm married.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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"Wind, my son; wind."—*Life.*

Boudoir Gossip.

"But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them."
—*Burns.*

During the past week I have been studying the brows of the people I meet. I see many faces each day in the streets, on the street cars, in the restaurants and in the theaters and I have confined my observations to their brows. Rarely have I seen a placid brow. Most of the people in this city go about with puckered foreheads, and I cannot believe they all have enough trouble to cause a continual perplexing of their brains. It is not improbable that they make a fair amount of their care, as did those whom the philosophical Scotchman called hard names.

It is a lamentable fact that we too often allow the most trivial things to sway us from a benign frame of mind to a tempestuous mood, and we wrinkle up our brows in the transit, making our physiognomy repellant in its peevishness. Of course if we wore wrinkles only when very angry we might save ourselves the mortification of enlightening the world and his wife regarding our dispositions, but, unfortunately the tell-tale little foot-prints of petulance stay with us always. Our smiles are shadowed by ominously-drawn brows, our charity is over-balanced by parsimonious wrinkles, and the candor of smiling eyes is denied by shrewd wrinkles born of cunning, and planted unmistakably around the merry orbs.

Of seven women who sat opposite me in a car one day last week, only one had an unwrinkled brow, and she was a miss of sixteen or seventeen. One face held my attention for a lengthened time. It was that of an energetic, self-assertive woman, who could run a saw-mill, engineer a plantation or occupy a mayor's chair. One would not wish to be caught stealing her hens, and, in fact any interference with her rights—fancied or real—would mean trouble and ignominous defeat if the meddler happened to be placid or pliable. The brow of this woman was adorned with two vertical wrinkles, and when she talked in an explanatory way to her companion, she rendered them prominent by drawing them together until they were hard white streaks—an unattractive addition to coarse features of the meat-axe description. That face stayed in my memory, and I have since put in considerable spare time smoothing an enquiring hand over my forehead to discourage the tell-tale lines.

If there are some heavy lines there, they can be removed by a process in three acts. The curtain must rise upon a good resolution put into instantaneous and continued effect. This good plan of action is: Do not be peevish. Having once arrested the development of the creases, they may be erased by a faithful application of cold cream, vaseline or glycerine. The oily substance should be laid lightly on the skin and then forced through the pores by gentle but firm finger massage.

It was a matter of some surprise to me that the brows with the most prominently-marked perceptive faculties, wore the most exaggerated wrinkles. It does look as if the quick-witted individual paid for dexterity of intellect out of the bank of self-control, being hampered with an almost ungovernable set of nerves.

There are not many of us who cannot remember the time when someone said something which our self-esteem would have us believe and which our common-sense pooh-poohed as utterly ridiculous. If vanity wins the day, an early application for assistance should be left with a relative, and I will guarantee that such forcibly candid words will be spoken in favor of the view your common sense took, that the crimps will speedily leave your vanity, though your temper may be adorned with ruffles instead.

While it is necessary, convenient and wise to pay a certain degree of attention to what "people say," we will make our lives one long, tangled trouble if we hearken with much anxiety to their never-ceasing twaddle about us and our affairs. Often it is false modesty or false pride which bids us listen to the croakings of the evil-hearted or those of envenomed tongues.

Who, that was ever a school girl did not dread to wear a fresh dress especially if the material had been turned, eked out with a former gown or had fallen from the shoulders of an older member of the family? Sensitive girls suffer real pain from the meaning glance, unkind remarks, or carelessly-voiced letters of those about them. These much feared critics do not mean to be unkind. They are only thoughtless or uncouth, through lack of home-training. The child, unhappy in her new gown, is like many an older person, not sufficiently independent in thought to receive criticism on a stout shield of self-reliance, and, withstanding that which is ignorantly or ill-naturedly made, accept the honest fault-finding and profit by it.

"You shouldn't talk that way about girls," a woman said to a rather severe-looking man, who was making unkind remarks about the sex in general.

"Why?" he asked with well-simulated wonder.

"Because," she replied, "they do not do and say and think those things. Their thoughts are not forever on matrimonial affairs, and their ages. You are far too harsh in your criticism. Most girls haven't time to bother half so much about men as the vain creatures think we do. All girls are not heartless coquettes, so do not condemn all the women in the world, because once upon a time a girl may have treated you badly. He did not thoroughly enjoy this little lecture, but he came out of the discussion with flying colors after the next move on the conversational board.

"Men who say unkind things of women and laugh at the love which alone makes life worth living, are destroying, in a measure, the sacredness of deep feeling," the girl continued.

"Who makes them cynical, and distrustful?" asked the man, quietly; and then he answered his own question—"the dear girls themselves."

He is right. Girls do, by their thoughtlessness, take from around the most sacred things, the wall of fine feeling which should guard them for ever. When a woman derides delicacy of expression, or prudent reserve, she is measuring out trouble for herself as well as for all other women. When she changes faith into distrust, and loses the right to be called candid or truthful she is belittling in the eyes of all about her, the whole of womankind. It isn't fair, but that is the way it goes. Men are prone to judge all women by one standard. If the dearest friend is careless or flippant, the wise men put down carelessness and flippancy as characteristics of the female character.

"That man tires me out," sighed a brisk little woman some four weeks ago. "Why?" I asked. "Because he won't disagree with me," was the answer. They are bores, those namby-pamby people, with so much politeness and so little back bone. They simply concede an affirmative to every statement, and I have heard of girls who laid traps for the dear creatures by making outlandish assertions with which the gracious dispensers of adulterated truth would coincide entirely. If men think women admire an affectation of that kind they err in their judgment. Women respect men who have opinions and express them with polite decision, possessing the while sufficient breadth of mind to conceive of other opinions being rightly held by people in different circumstances.

What a sentimental halo memory surrounds the long past days with! It is a well-known fact that we lean towards the dropping out of misery and care and the bearing with us of the golden hours of happiness. It is far better so, though the unreality of unalloyed happiness may cause our critical natures some pangs of unbelief. We are weaving memories for our to-morrows from each minute of the actively-lived present, and we will dream over these days, these friends, these hopes and these fears at some future time. CLIP CAREW.

His First View of the Box.

Uncle Henpin (who has taken an abnormally large chew just before the collection)—Thanks. You're terrible kind, but I kin hold it till I git outside.—*Judge.*

Mark Twain and His Illustrator.

When Dan Beard had been engaged to design the illustrations for Mark Twain's last book, A Yankee in King Arthur's Court, he wrote to Mr. Clemens asking what instructions he wished to give. Mr. Clemens, a few days later, shambled into Mr. Beard's studio.

"Mr. Beard," (oh, if the types could only reproduce that drawl of his). "Mr. Beard," he said, "if somebody should come to me and say, 'Clemens, I want you to write a story for me,' I'd say, 'All right, I'll write a story for you.' But if somebody should come to me and say, 'Clemens, here's a story I want you to write for me,' and then should begin to tell me the story, I'd say, 'Hold on, you blamed fool, you don't want to hire me; you want to hire a typewriter.'"

This, Mr. Beard says, was the extent of instructions given by Mr. Clemens.—*Anaconda Magazine.*

The Prize Lie.

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—But this is what he got.—*Puck.*

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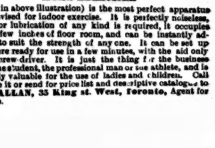

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The World, The Flesh and The Devil

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

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CHAPTER II

"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."

The opera house was not brilliantly filled. There were a great many important functions going on that evening, events thickening as the season sloped towards its close, and it may be that the new Zerlina had not been sufficiently puffed, or that the real music lovers may can never have too much Mozart are only the minority among opera-goers. There were a good many blank spaces in the stalls, and a good many untenanted boxes, nor was the display of diamonds and beauty as splendid as it might have been.

In an audience at half power Mrs. Champion's Oriental loveliness and Mrs. Champion's tiara of diamond stars shone conspicuous. She was dressed with that exclusive air which was her speciality, in some filmy fabrics of dark-dye color, which was arranged in loose folds across her bust and shoulders, the folds caught here and there, as if at random, with a diamond star. A great cluster of yellow orchids was fastened on one shoulder, and there were yellow orchids pinned on her black lace fan, while long black gloves gave a touch of eccentricity to her toilette. Her one object in dressing herself was to be different from other women. She never wore the fashionable color or the fashionable fabric, but gloried in opposition, and took infinite pains to find something in Paris or Vienna which nobody was wearing in London.

The awe-inspiring music which closes the second act, and seems to presage the horror of the scenes that are coming, was hurrying to its brilliant finish, when Gerard, looking idly down upon the stalls, started at sight of the man who had mystified him more than any other human being had ever done. There, lounging in his place between two unoccupied seats, he saw Mr. Jermyn, apparently enjoying the music with that keen enthusiasm which only the real music-lover can feel. His head was thrown back, his thin, pale lips were slightly parted, and his large blue eyes beamed with rapture. Yes, a man who passionately loved music, or else a most consummate actor.

The very presence of the man recalled Gerard Hillersdon to the business which was to be done after the green curtain had fallen, and his fair companions had been handed into their carriage. Ten minutes in a hansom, and he would be in his lodgings, and there would be no excuse for delay. His time would have come before the clock of St. James' church struck midnight. He had looked at his pistol-case involuntarily while he was dressing for the evening. He knew where it stood ready to his hand, and close beside the pistol-case was a business-like letter from his landlord requesting the settlement of a long account for rent and maintenance—only such breakfasts and casual meals as a young man of fashion takes at his lodgings—which had mounted to formidable figures. And an ounce of lead was to be the sole settlement. For the first time in his life Mr. Hillersdon felt sorry for those eminently respectable people, his landlord and landlady. He began to question whether he ought not at least to shoot himself out of doors, rather than to inflict upon an old-established lodging-house the stigma of a suicide; but the inconvenience of a self-destruction *sub joye* was too apparent to him, and he felt that he must be selfish in his final act of a purely selfish life. Yes, there was Justin Jermyn, complacent, full of enjoyment; the man who had told him what he was going to do. How the modern sorcerer would triumph in his knowledge of his fore-knowledge to-morrow when the evening papers told of the deed that had been done, there would doubtless be a paragraph in the papers—three lines at most, perhaps a line on the contents bill. DISTRESSING SUICIDE OF A GENTLEMAN. Suicides are always described as distressing when the self-slaughterer is of gentle blood.

He felt angry with Jermyn for having contrived to haunt these last hours of his life. He sat watching the sorcerer all through the last act of the opera, noting his elfin enjoyment of all that was diabolical in the music and the libretto. How he grinned at the discomfiture of Don Giovanni, how he rocked himself with laughter at the abject terror of Leperello. No one approached him as an acquaintance. He sat in complete isolation, but in supreme enjoyment, apparently the happiest man in that great theater, the youngest and the freshest in the capacity to enjoy.

"And that laughing fool read my purpose as if my brain had been an open book," mused Hillersdon, savagely.

His anger was not lessened when he glanced round while he was conducting Mrs. Champion to her carriage, and saw the Fate-reader's slim, supple figure behind him, and the Fate-reader's gnome-like countenance smiling at him under an opera hat.

"I am so sorry you are leaving London so soon," said Mrs. Champion, as he lingered at the carriage-door for the one half-minute allowed by the Jack in office behind his elbow.

She gave him her hand, and even pressed the hand which held hers, with more sentiment than she was wont to address.

"Drive on, coachman," shouted the commissionaire. No time for sentimental partings there!

Hillersdon walked out of the covered colonnade, meaning to pick up the first hansom that offered itself. He had not gone three steps along the Bow street pavement when Jermyn was close beside him.

"Are you going home, Mr. Hillersdon?" he asked, in a friendly tone. "Delightful opera, Don Giovanni, ain't it? The best out and away. Faust is my next favorite; but even Gounod can't touch Mozart."

"I daresay not; but I am no connoisseur, thank you, Mr. Jermyn. I am going home immediately."

"Don't. Come and have some supper with me. I only half told your fortune this afternoon, you were so deucedly impatient. I have a good deal more to tell you. Come and have some supper in my chambers."

"Some other night, perhaps, Mr. Jermyn. I am going straight home."

"And you mean there shall be no other nights in your life!" said Jermyn, in a low, silky voice that made Hillersdon savage, for it served upon his irritated nerves more than the harshest accents could have done.

"Good night," he said, curtly, turning on his heel.

Jermyn was not to be repulsed.

"Come home with me," he said; "I won't leave you while you have this black cloud on your forehead. Come to supper with me, Hillersdon. I have a brand of champagne that will smooth out that ugly wrinkle, if you'll only give the stuff a fair trial."

"I don't know where you live, and I don't care a jot for your wines or anybody else's. I am leaving town to-morrow morning, and I want my last hours in London for my own purposes."

Jermyn put his arm through Hillersdon's, wheeled him round in the direction of Longacre, and quietly led him away. That was his answer to Hillersdon's testy speech, and the young man submitted to it, with his *inertia*, a languid indifference which made him consentient to a stranger's will, having lost all will power of his own.

He was angry with Jermyn, yet even more angry with himself, and in that stormy sense of indignation, tempered curiously with supineness, he took but little note of which way they went. He remembered going by Lincoln's Inn Fields and the Turnstile. He remembered crossing Holborn, but never not afterwards whether the shabby, squalid looking inn behind which whose gloomy gatehouse Jermyn led him did, or did not, open directly out of the great thoroughfare.

He remembered always that it was a most dismal looking concatenation of tall, shabby houses, forming a quadrangle, in whose stony centre there was a dilapidated basin, which might once have been a fountain. The summer moon, riding high and fast amid wind-tossed clouds, shone full into the stony yard, and lit up the shabby fronts of the houses, but not one lamp-lit window cheered with the suggestion of life and occupation.

"Do you mean to say you live in this ghastly hole?" he exclaimed, speaking for the first time since they left Bow street; "it looks as if it were tenanted by a company of ghosts."

"A good many of the houses are empty, and I daresay the ghosts of dead usurers and dishonest lawyers and broken-hearted clients do have a high time in the old rooms by and again," answered Jermyn, with his irreprensible laugh; "but I have never seen any company but flesh and blood, much small cheer, as Bacon says. Of course, he *was* Bacon. We're all agreed upon that."

Hillersdon ignored this frivolity, and stood dumbly, while Jermyn put his key into a door, opened it, and led the way into a passage that was pitch dark. Not a pleasant situation to be alone in a dark passage at midnight in a scarcely inhabited block of buildings quite cut off from the rest of the world with a man whose regime was decidedly diabolical.

Jermyn struck a match and lighted a small hand-lamp, which improved the situation just a little.

"This is my den," he said, "and I've made the place pretty comfortable inside, though it looks rather uncanny outside."

He led the way up an old oak staircase, narrow, shabby, and unadorned, but oak-panelled, and therefore precious in the eyes of those who sighing fondly to the past, and to that old London which is so swiftly vanishing off the face of the earth.

A little lamp just gave that staircase visible, till they came to a landing where the moon looked in through the murky panes of a tall window, and soon to a higher one, where a vivid streak of lamplight under the door gave the first token of habitation. Jermyn opened this door, and his guest saw a long, half bleak by brilliant light, and not a little astonished by the elegant luxury of those two rooms, opening into each other with a wide archway, which Mr. Jermyn had called his "den."

Hillersdon had been in many bachelor-rooms within the precincts of the Albany, in Piccadilly, St. James' and Mayfair, but he had seen nothing more studiously luxurious than the Fate-reader's den. Heavy velvet curtains of delicate hue, draped half across the arched windows. The Angle-nook was quaint, artistic, comfortable, the glistening tiles were decorated with storks and other fantastic shapes, which might have been painted by Stacey Marks himself. The furniture was all that is most rare and genuine in the relics of the Chippendale age, and there was a marvel of Oriental undertones, and Oriental richness of fabric. The few pieces of pottery which made spots of vivid color here and there amid the prevailing sombreness of hue, were choicest specimens of Indian and Italian ware. The pictures were few. A Julian, by Dillan; a water-color, signed and unashamed, against a dark background of foliage, by Guido; and three curious bits of the early German school, which gave the show of art, save for a bust of the Fate-reader in black marble, a curiously faithful likeness, in which the fawn-like character of the head, and the fawn-like smile, were but slightly accentuated. This bust stood upon a pedestal of dark red marble, and seemed to command the room.

The inner room was fitted as a library. There the lamps were shaded and the light subdued. Here under the center lamp that hung low over the oval mahogany table appeared all the arrangements for a dainty little supper. Two covered dishes on a chafing dish; a truffled pullet and miniature York ham, a lobster salad, straw berries, peaches, champagne in a brazen ice pail, ornamented with Bacchanalian figures, in *repousse* work.

"I suppose servant has gone to bed," said Jermyn, "but he has left everything ready, and we can't wait upon each other. Cutlets, salmi and olives," he said, lifting the covers; "which may I give you?"

"Neither, thanks. I told you I had no appetite."

"Discouraging to a man who is as hungry as a hunter," retorted Jermyn, helping himself. "Try that Madeira, it may give you an appetite."

Hillersdon seated himself opposite his host and took a glass of wine. His curiosity was stimulated by the Fate-reader's surroundings; and, after all, the thing which he had to do might stand over for a few hours. He could not help being interested in this young man, who claimed his father by instinct or prophecy and fathomed his purpose. The luxury of these rooms piqued him, so striking a contrast with the shabbiness of his own West End lodging, albeit that lodging was far from cheap. He was supposed to pay for "situation." Of luxury he had nothing, of comfort very little. How did Jermyn contrive to be so well off, he wondered? Did he live by fate-reading, or had he means of his own?

Jermyn was eating his supper all this while, and with a fine appetite and an epicurean gusto. After a couple of glasses of Madeira, he seemed helped himself to lobster salad, and when Jermyn opened the champagne the two men were hob-nobbing comfortably, and, that wine being choice of its kind and admirably iced, Hillersdon drank the health of his host, and found himself enjoying his supper more than he had enjoyed anything in the way of meat and drink for a long time.

The conversation during supper was of the lightest, Jermyn letting off his criticism, mostly in the form of anecdote, which he knew to them both, and laughing tremendously at his own wit. He was careful not to mention Mrs. Champion, however, and Hillersdon had no objection to spatter mud upon the track of his acquaintance. Supper over, and a box of cigars open between them, with a silver spirit lamp shaped like a serpent offering its flaming jaws for their use, the men grew more serious. It was just one o'clock. They had been a long time over their supper, and they seemed no longer strangers—intimates, rather, not united by any particular esteem for each other, but one in that temper for other people.

"The champagne has wiped out that ugly wrinkle already," said Jermyn, with his friendly air; "and now, tell me what could induce you to contemplate such a thing."

"What thing?" asked Hillersdon, waxing moody.

Jermyn's reply was pantomimic. He passed his hand across his throat, significant of a razor; he turned his hand towards his open mouth, suggestive of a pistol; he tossed off an imaginary poison cup.

"You insist upon suggesting—" began Hillersdon, angrily.

"I did, because I fit in your face. The man who contemplates suicide has a look which no man who reads the human countenance can mistake. There is a fixed horror in the eyes, as of one who stares into the unknown, and knows that he is nearing the mystery of life and death. There are perplexed lines about the brow, 'shall I or shall not?' and there is a nervous hurry, as of one who wants to get a disagreeable business over as soon as may be. I have never been mistaken yet in that look. Why, my dear fellow, why? Surely, life at eight and twenty is too precious a thing to be frittered away for a trifle."

"You take my life when you do take the means by which I live," quoted Hillersdon.

"Bacon again! That fellow has something to say on almost every topic. Yes, I think you are impecunious, and would rather be dead than penniless."

"Take it, if you please."

"Good. Now how can you tell that fortune is not waiting for you at some turn in the road; you know not that road of the future which no man knows till he treads it. So long as a man is alive he has always a chance of becoming a millionaire. So long as a woman is unmarried there is always the possibility of her being made a duchess."

"The chance of fortune in my case is so remote that it is not worth considering. I am never sure of a younger son, I have no relative living likely to leave me the smallest legacy. Unless I could make a fortune by literature I have no chance of making one by any exertion of my own, and my second book was so dire a failure that I have it not in me to write a third."

"Fortunes drop from the clouds sometimes. Have you never done any rich man a service which might prompt him—when distributing superfluous thousands—to leave a few to you?"

"Never, within my recollection."

"Come now, looking back at your life, is there no act in it of which you might fairly be proud, no touch of the heroic, no deed worthy a paragraph in the papers."

"Now, I once saved an old man's life, but I doubt if the life were worth saving since; the old wretch did not trouble himself to thank me for having risked my own life in his service."

"You saved an old man's life, at hazard of your own! Come, that sounds heroic," cried Jermyn, flinging his fair head back against the blackish green of the velvet chair cover, and laughing with all his might. The black bust shivered a little to the left, above the level of his head, and it seemed to Hillersdon that the black face was laughing as broadly as the white one.

"Tell me the whole story—pray now—it sounds absolutely heroic,' urged Jermyn.

"There is very little to tell," replied Hillersdon coldly. "Nothing either to lauch at or to be thrilled by. I did only what any other active young man would have done in my position, seeing a feeble old man in imminent peril of death. It was at Nice. You know what a wilderness of iron the railway station there is, and how one has to hunt about for one's train. It was at carnival time, dusk, and a great many people were going back to Cannes, I myself among them. The old man had arrived from another train going onwards, and was making for the platform, when a great high engine bore steadily down upon him, by no means a quiet engine, but a fast engine to paralyze him, so that instead of getting out of the way, he stood staring, hesitating, helpless. An instant more and that vast mass of iron would cut him down and dashed the life out of him. I had but time to drag him out of the track before the engine passed me, brushing my shoulder as it went by. I took him to the platform. Hardly anyone had seen our adventure. I had a friend with me at the station, with whom I had lunched at the Cercle Nautique, and who had insisted on seeing me off. I told him briefly what had happened, left the old man in his care, and rushed back to look for my train, which I caught by the skin of my teeth."

"And the old churl never thank'd you?"

"Not a word. His only remark was an inquiry about his umbrella, which had fallen out of his hand when I plucked him from the jaws of death. I believe he had himself grieved because I had not rescued his umbrella as well as himself."

"Was he a foreigner, do you think?"

"Distinctly British. A Frenchman or Italian would at least have been loquacious, if not grateful."

"The shock may have made him speechless."

"He found speech to inquire after his umbrella."

"Tore, that looked black!" said Jermyn, laughing; "I'm afraid he must have been a thankless old dog. And you never troubled to find out who he was, I suppose, what manner of man you had snatched from sudden death?"

"I had not the slightest interest in his identity."

"So! Well, now, let us talk still further of yourself and your prospects. You know that people call me the Fate-reader. Now I have a strong belief that your fortunes are hundred of a great change—and that, apart from the folly of anticipating Death, the inevitable, in your case it may be very much worth your while to live."

"You are vague and general. What form of good fortune do you predict for me?"

"I pretend to no gift of prophecy. I only profess the power of insight. I can read what man are—not what is going to happen to them; but as in many cases character is fate, I have been able to hazard some shrewd guesses about the future."

"And in my case, what are your guesses?"

"I would rather not tell you."

"The outlook is not satisfactory, then?"

"Not altogether. The character of a man who at eight-and-twenty can contemplate suicide as the shortest way out of his embarrassments is not a character that promises well. I tell you, you see."

"Vastly frank."

"Don't be angry," laughed Jermyn; "I pretend to be no hero myself, and if I were very hard up, or very much bored, I daresay I too might think of a bullet or a dose of prussic acid. Only that kind of idea argues a character at once weak and selfish. The man who takes his own life runs away from the universal battle, and shows a selfish indifference to those he leaves behind, in whose minds the memory of his death will be a lasting pain."

"My poor mother," sighed Hillersdon, recognizing the truth of this assertion.

"You would have killed yourself because you were ennuied and unhappy; because you have wasted opportunities, and given the best years of your life to a hopeless passion. Your reasons were not strong enough; and even if I were not here to demonstrate your folly, I daresay your hand must have faltered at the last moment, and you would have asked yourself: Is the outlook so very black after all? Does not one gleam of light pierce the darkness?"

"The outlook is as black as pitch," muttered Hillersdon, expanding under the influence of the wine he had drunk so freely, ready now to talk to this acquaintance of an hour if he were his bosom friend and companion of years; "there is not a gleam of light, not one! I have wasted my chances; I have frittered away whatever talent or capacity I may have possessed when I left the university. I am a dependent upon a father who can ill afford me the allowance I demand, and to whom I ought to be a help rather than a burden. I have been—and must be as long as I live—the slave of a woman who exacts servitude and gives nothing—whose heart and mind after years of closest association are still mysteries to me, who will not own that she loves me, yet will not let me go."

"Mrs. Champion is a remarkably clever woman," said Jermyn, coolly; "but there are depths which you have never fathomed under that calm and virtuous surface. Leave her for another divinity, and you will see of what she is capable. If that hopeless attachment is your only trouble, I snap my fingers at the necessity of suicide. A day, an hour may bring you face to face with a woman whose influence will make you forget Edith Champion."

"You have no right to make free with Mrs. Champion's name. How do you know that she has any influence over my life?"

"I know what all the world knows—your world of May Fair and Belgravia, Hyde Park and South Kensington—and I know what I read in the lady's face. A dangerous woman for you, Mr. Hillersdon; witness these wasted years of which you complain. But there are other ways of being a slave than that of an abject servitude. Do you remember the vision that Mephistopheles showed Faust in the witch's kitchen?"

"Gretchen at her spinning wheel!"

"Gretchen at her wheel belongs to the opera, I fancy. The vision Faust saw in the witch's kitchen was the vision of abstract beauty. You may remember that when he sees Gretchen in the street there is no recognition of that supreme face he had just seen in the glass. He was only caught by a pretty girl tripping modestly by, going home from church. The vision may have been Aphrodite or Helen, for aught we know. A clever trick, no doubt, that vision in the glass. Look yonder, Hillersdon, look at that face there, known to you in the past—the face of a girl steeped in poverty, beautiful as a dream, yet no better off in this world for her loveliness. Look at that fragile form as it bends over a sewing machine, our modern substitute for the spinning wheel. Look at me, Hillersdon," repeated Jermyn, fixing him with those cold, calm, blue eyes, from which there relaxed a sweet, chilling influence that steeped Gerard Hillersdon's senses in a dreamy light, as of words and atmospheres unknown; "and now look yonder."

He waved his hand carelessly toward the inner room, where in the subdued light Hillersdon saw the figure of a girl, shadowy dim, and vague at first, and then developing gradually from pale grey shadow into luminous distinctness, as he was turned to look, ere the eyes saw him out; they gazed sadly out into space, full of hopeless melancholy, while the hands moved monotonously backwards and forwards across the table of a sewing machine. A girl in a grey cotton frock, sitting at work at a sewing machine. That was the vision Gerard Hillersdon saw against the dark background of Mr. Jermyn's library; but the girl's pinched and pallid face was as beautiful in form as the face of Raffaelle's loveliest Madonna, and its profound melancholy there was a sweetness that melted his heart. So nothing, too, in that fair Gretchen-like countenance, upon him as a strangely familiar. He had seen the face before, not in a picture or in a statue, but in commonplace every day life. When or where he knew it not.

Jermyn threw his half-smoked cigar up into the air, and burst into his elfin laugh. The vision faded on the instant, as if he had laughed it away.

"There is your modern Gretchen," he said, "a poor little sempstress, slaving from dawn to dark for something less than daily bread, as beautiful as a Greek goddess, and virtuous enough to prefer cold and hunger to degrada tion. There is your type of a nineteenth century Gretchen. How would you like to be Faust?"

"I should like to possess a share of Faust's power. Not to betray Gretchen, but to secure my own happiness."

"And what is your idea of happiness?" asked Jermyn, lighting a fresh cigar.

"Wealth," answered Hillersdon, quickly. "For a man who has lived under the goad of poverty, who has felt day by day, and hour by hour, the torment of being poorer than his fellow-men, there can be but one idea of bliss—money and plenty of it. From my school days upwards I have lived among men better off than myself. At the University I got into trouble because I exceeded my allowance. My father could just afford to give me two hundred a year, I spent from three to four hundred; but the excess, though it caused no end of trouble at home, left me still a pauper among men who spent a thousand, had been sent to an expensive college and told to economize; to enjoy all the privileges of college with more of wealth and position, to be among them but not of them. I happened to be popular, and so could not altogether seclude myself from my fellow-men. I pinched and harassed at ever turn, and yet plunged in debt, and a malefactor to my family. I came to London, studied at the bar, eat my dinners, wasted my father's substance on fees, and never got a brief. I wrote a book which won instantaneous success, and for the moment I was rich. I thought I had struck a gold mine, bought my mother a pair of diamond earrings which she did not want, and sent my father a fine set of Jeremy Taylor, which he had been longing for ever since I could remember. I fell in love with a beautiful girl, who reciprocated my affection, but was not allowed to marry a man whose income depended on his literary talent. She was not inconsolable, and our engagement was no sooner broken than she married a man old enough to be her father, and rich enough to make her a personage in the smart world. My next book, written while I was writing under the sting of this disappointment, was a dead failure. I had no heart to begin another book. I have lived since, as a good many young men contrive to live in this great city, from hand to mouth, and the more I grew old and hopelessness of my life have been known to me for a long time. Do you wonder that I began to think actual nothingness better than this middle state between life and death—this perpetual weariness of an inane and purposeless existence?"

"And you think that wealth would open up a new future, and that life would be no longer aimless?"

"Wealth means power," answered Hillersdon. "With wealth and youth no man should be unhappy, unless racked by physical pain. A rich man is master of the universe."

"Yes, but while he enjoys the power wealth gives his life is ebbing. Every day of enjoyment, every ardent hope satisfied, every extravagant wish realized is a nail in his coffin. The men who live longest are men of moderate means—not worried by poverty nor elated by wealth—men who are obscure and retired lives society takes very little interest—scholars, thinkers, inventors, some of them perhaps, whom the world hears of only after they are dead—men who think, and dream, and reason, but experience nothing of life's feverish movement or man's fiercer passions. Do you remember Balzac's story of the Peau de Chagrin?"

"Not very clearly. It was one of the first French novels I read; a kind of fairy tale, I think."

"It is more an allegory than a fairy tale. A young man, tired of life, like you, is on the brink of suicide—has made up his mind to die, as you made up your mind to-day—when, to waste the time betwixt afternoon and night, he goes into a bric-a-brac shop and turns over the wonders of worlds old and lost, and, amidst treasure of art and relics of extinct civilizations, he finds the quaintest curio of all the persons of the bric-a-brac dealer, a man who boasts of his century and more of life, the quiet passionless life of the thinker. This man shows him the Peau de Chagrin, the skin of a wild ass, hanging against the wall. With that talisman he offers to make the intending suicide richer, more powerful, and more renowned than the King of the French. 'Read,' he cries, and the young man reads a Sanscrit inscription whose letters are so interwoven in the metallic lustre of the skin that no knife can eradicate the faintest line. The Sanscrit translated runs thus:

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Have me,
Take.

"This inscription is the allegory of life. The old man told the youth how he had offered the talisman to many, but how, though one and all laughed at its possible influence over their future destinies, all had refused to traffic with that unknown power. And for the owner of the talisman, why had he never tested its value? The old man answered that question by expounding his theory of life."

"And what was his theory?"

"The mystery of human life lies in a nutshell, said the centenarian. 'The life of action and the life of passion drain the sources of existence. To will, to do, to desire ardently is to die. With every quickening of the pulse above normal health, with every tumult of the heart, with every fever of the brain, fired by ardent hopes and conflicting wishes, a shred is torn off the fabric of a man's life. The men who live to age like mine are the men whose passions and desires, ambitions and greed of power have been rigidly suppressed, the men of calm and contemplative temperament, in whom mind rises superior to heart and senses, who are content to reason, to know, to see, and understand the world in which they live.' And that old man was right. There is a hidden meaning that escapes the sentence of Holy Writ—'The race is not to the swift. If you would live long take life large, not presto.'

"Do you fares for length of years?" exclaimed Gerard Hillersdon. "What a man wants is to live, not to crawl for a century on the face of this planet, afraid to lift his head from the earth lest a thunderbolt should strike him. I wish I could stroll into a brie-a-brac shop and find the peau de chagrin. I would be content to see the talisman dwindle daily in every diminution marked an hour of happiness, a wish realized."

"Well, I suppose that is the only philosophy of life congenial to a young mind," said Jermyn lightly. "The centenarian who never really lived boasts of length of days, and cheats himself with the idea that he has had the best of the bargain; but to live for ten glad, reckless years must be better than to vegetate for a century."

"Infinitely better," said Hillersdon, getting up in a fever of excitement, and beginning to walk about the room, looking at this and that the bronze idols, the enamelled vases, and old ivory carvings in the niches and recesses of a Bombay black-wood cabinet.

"You have the Peau de Chagrin hidden somewhere in your rooms, perhaps," he suggested, laughingly, "or at any rate some talisman which enables you to make light of life—to see a jest where other men see a problem only to be solved by death."

"No, I have no talisman. I have nothing but will—will strong enough to conquer passion—and insight by which I can read the mystery of mankind. You who have a stronger individuality—a passionate, exacting personality, an intolerable ego which must be satisfied somehow—are created to suffer. I am created to enjoy. For me life, as you say, is a jest."

"So it was for Goethe's Devil," answered Hillersdon. "I believe there is a touch of the diabolical in your composition, and that you have about as much heart and conscience as Mephistopheles. However, I am beholden to you for your persistence in bringing me here to-night, for you have amused me, you pettified me, cooled my curiosity, and routed thoughts which I confess were of the darkest.

"Didn't I tell you a supper and a bottle of wine would be your best counsellor," exclaimed Jermyn, laughing.

"But the dark thoughts will be back again in a day or two, no doubt, since you have no talisman to offer me which will pour gold into empty pockets, and you do not even propose to buy my shadow. I would run the risk of being as uncomfortably suspicious as Peter Schlemel, for the same power to create illimitable masses of sterling coin."

"Ah, those are old stories—allegories, all, be assured. If I were to say I saw the promise of fortune on that perplexed brow of yours you would laugh at me. All I ask is that if Fortune does pour her gifts into your lap, you will remember that I bade you tarry at the gate of death."

(To be Continued.)

A Vendetta.

The widow of Paolo Saverini lived with her son in a poor little house on the ramparts of Bonifacio. The town, built on a spur of the mountain, seeming in places to hang suspended over the sea, faces across a narrow channel that bristled with jagged rocks, the lower coast of Sardinia. At its feet a cut in the cliff, like a gigantic corridor, leading between precipitous walls up almost to the first houses, serves as a port for the Italian and Sardinian fishing boats, and, twice a month, for the wheezy old steamer from Ajaccio.

On the white mountain side the group of houses make a spot yet more white. They look like the nests of wild birds, clinging to the rocks and looking down upon the terrible passage where few vessels dare venture. The wind ceaselessly lashes the waves and beats upon the rocks, which it has stripped of verdure. The patches of white foam above the black points of innumerable rocks that pierce the waves everywhere look like strips of cloth, flailing and palpitating on the surface of the water.

The house of the widow Saverini, set upon the very edge of the cliff, has three windows that give upon this savage and desolate scene. She lived there alone, with her son Antoine and their dog Brisk, a big, gaunt brute, with long, shaggy hair, which accompanied Antoine on his hunting trips.

One evening, after a dispute, Antoine Saverini was killed with a treacherous knife-thrust by Nicolas Ravolati, who fled that night to Sardinia.

When the old mother received the body of her son, which some neighbors brought to her, she did not cry, but remained for a long time staring at it motionless; then, extending her wrinkled hand above the corpse, she pledged to it the vendetta.

She wanted no neighbors to sit up with her, and shut herself up with her dead, keeping with her only the dog which howled dolefully. Crouched at the foot of the bed, with its head toward its master's body and its tail pressed between its legs, the brute howled long and shrill, while the mother, leaning with fixed gaze over the corpse, wept silent tears.

The young man, lying on his back, his heavy cloth vest gaping and torn at the chest, seemed to be sleeping; but he was covered with blood on his throat, on his trousers, on his face, on his hands. Clots of blood matted his hair and his beard.

The old woman began to speak. At the sound of her voice the dog was stilled.

"Go, go in peace. You shall be avenged, my little one, my boy. Sleep, sleep in peace. You shall be avenged, do you hear? Your mother promises it; and your mother always keeps her word, as you well know." She gently she leaned forward and pressed her cold lips to the dead face.

Then Brisk began to whine with a monotonous, heart-rending, terrible sound.

They remained thus, the woman and the dog, until morning.

Antoine Saverini was buried the next day, and soon his name was heard no more in Bonifacio.

He had left neither brothers nor near cousins. No man was there to take up the vendetta. The mother alone thought of it, day and night.

Across the strait she saw, from morning to night, a white spot on the coast. It was a little village, Longosardo, where the Corsican bandits took refuge when hard pressed. They were almost the only inhabitants of the hamlet, and there, in sight of the native land, they awaited the moment when they could return to the *makis* of Corsica. In this village she knew Nicolas Ravolati had hidden himself.

All day long would she sit alone by her window, brooding on her vengeance. How could she accomplish it, alone, infirm, almost at death's door? But she had promised, she had sworn on the dead body. She could not forget, she could not wait. What should she do? She was nearly blind, at night, she no longer knew rest nor respite, she thought always, seeking a means. The dog slept at her feet, now and again raising its head to howl mournfully. Since its master was no longer there, it often howled thus, as if it would have called him, as if its brute soul cherished a memory of its master's caresses.

But one night, as Brisk resumed its low howling, the mother had a sudden idea—the idea of a vindictive and ferocious savage. She mused over it till morning; then, rising before dawn, she betook herself to the church. She entered, prostrate on the stone floor, imploring God to aid her, to sustain her, to give her poor worn body strength to avenge her son.

Then she returned. She had in her yard an old cask with the head knocked out, which served to catch the rain-water from the eaves. She turned it over, emptied it, secured it to the ground with stakes and stones; then she chained Brisk to it, and went indoors.

She walked up and down in her chamber ceaselessly now, gazing always at Sardinia. He was over there, the assassin.

The dog howled all through the day and all that night. In the morning, the old woman brought it water in a pan, but nothing more—not a bone, not a crust.

The day passed. Brisk, exhausted, slept. The next day its eyes shone, its hair bristled, and it tugged madly at its chain.

The old woman still gave it nothing to eat. The dog, become furious, bayed in a hoarse tone. And so the night passed.

Then, at break of day, the old woman went to a neighbor and borrowed a truss of straw. She then took some old garments, which her husband had worn, and stuffed them with straw to simulate a human body. Having driven a stake into the ground before Brisk's cask, she tied this manikin upon it so that it seemed to be standing up. Then she fashioned the head out of a bundle of old cloth.

The dog, surprised, locked at this man of straw and was silent, though devoured with hunger.

Then the old woman went to the butcher's and bought a long piece of sausage. Returning to her own house, she lit a fire near the dog-but in the yard and broiled the sausage. Brisk, famished, bounded about and foamed at the mouth, its eyes fixed on the sausage, the fumes of which drove it almost mad.

Then the old woman made of this smoking sausage a cravat for the man of straw. She fastened it firmly around the neck, as if to make it part of the straw figure. When this was done, she unchained the dog.

With a mighty bound, the beast seized the manikin's throat, and, with its paw on its chest, began to rend it to pieces. It fell down, a bit of the prize in its jaws, then jumped again, forced its teeth into the cotton, tore away some morsels of food, fell again, and leaped at it again ferociously. It carried away the face in great mouthfuls, rending it into strips with its sharp teeth.

The old woman mutely watched it all, her eyes blazing. Then she chained up the beast again, starved it for two days, and recommenced this strange exercise.

For three months she trained it to this sort of struggle, to this repast won only by its fangs. She no longer chained the beast, but with a gesture set it at the manikin. She finally taught it to tear it, to devour it, even though there was no food concealed in its throat. She gave it the sausage afterward as a reward.

As soon as she saw the man, Brisk trembled, then turned to its mistress who hissed, "Go," pointing with her finger.

When she judged the time had come, the widow Saverini went to confess and communion one Sunday morning with ecstatic fervor; then, having assumed masculine garb, looking like a ragged old man, she made a bargain with a Sardinian fisherman, who took her, accompanied by her dog, to the other side of the strait.

She had a great piece of sausage in her bag. Brisk had been starved for two days. The old woman gave it a sniff of fragrant food every now and then to excite it.

They reached Longosardo. She went to a baker's shop and asked to be directed to Nicolas Ravolati. He had resumed his old trade of carpentering, and was at work alone in the back of his shop.

The old woman pushed open the door, and called:

"Nicolas!"

He turned; then, loosing her dog, she cried:

"Go; eat, tear, devour!"

The famished animal sprang and seized the man's throat. The man threw out his arms, seized the dog, and rolled upon the ground. For some seconds he struggled, his feet striking the earth. Then he was still, whilst Brisk tore his throat to ribbons.

Two neighbors, seated at their door, recall perfectly having seen an old man go out with a half-starved dog, which, as it went, ate something dark which its master gave it.

At evening the old woman reached her home. She slept well that night.—*From the French of Guy de Maupassant.*

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. P. H., by May Crommelin and J. Mary Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

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She Wanted to Be Sure.

Trixy Hazen—Now, Tom, if you are only fooling, I wish you'd say so.—*Puck.*

The Philosophy of Eating.

The persons living to a green old age, who have come within the range of my observation, were abstemious themselves, and had either sprung from poor families or came from the south, where heavy meat meals are not enjoyable (says Mrs. Crawford in London *Truth*). Guizot, who was not a vigorous trencherman, started in poverty, and was a Southerner. Thiers started in the same condition, ate twice a day and very heartily, but was so heavy after eating as to be obliged to go to sleep. He died of apoplexy after eating. I attribute the extraordinary difference in quality in the early and late works of Victor Hugo to his having only scant meals when he wrote the former, and to his having plentiful and delicious ones, to which he did the fullest justice, when he turned out the latter. Victor Hugo was *spiritual* before lunch or dinner; he was inflated in speech and bereft of all sense of the ridiculous when digesting either repast. M. de Lesseps is almost Oriental in his abstemiousness at table, he being of a Southern family and having lived long in hot countries, which are perfectly healthful to those who adapt themselves to the climate. I daresay he owes his longevity and high spirits to his sobriety in food as well as in drink. Volumes have been written against drunkenness. But any doctor who understands well the human frame will tell you if he can ever aside humorists that drink is not as bad in its effects as gormandizing. Nothing so hastens senility as the latter. I should like to know how Nimrod, who ate and drank, but fancy she must have been temperate to be so brightly intellectual, as well as good-looking, to a great old age. Catherine de Medici made it a rule to rise from table with an appetite, and to prefer lentils and onions and chestnuts to meat. She brought Italian confectionery into fashion, and was always rating her married daughters, when she corresponded with them, for eating so much and fatiguing themselves so little. M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, though eighty-four, works as hard and with as little fatigue as he ever did in his life. Twenty years ago, he said to me: "I am persuaded that the civilized man eats three times more than what he needs when he is not checked by poverty. For my part, I was too poor until I was elderly to be a gourmand, and when I now go to dine at a friend's house I only play with my knife and fork. Dinner is a mistake." The Czar, his brothers and his uncles, are all gormandizers, and what a heavy, wearied lot they all look, unwieldy as megatheriums and about as intelligent. I have never doubted, since I began to think upon the subject, that George the Third ate himself into the mad-doctor's hands and Louis the Sixteenth into semi-imbecility. Who were the great men of the eighteenth century? Voltaire, who lived on coffee and had too weak a stomach to bear much food; Washington, who was spare and abstemious; and, at the Revolution, the people of Paris, who were starvelings. Stanley easily explains his success when he says that all he wants is a crust of bread, a mouthful of meat when he can get it, and a cup of tea. The Scotch were a powerful hungry people when they turned India into a British dependency. I know a literary woman who leads a singularly laborious life, and thrives in health and spirits on it. She says that she owes in a great degree her good spirits and capacity to get through any amount of work, of worry, and of strain on the nervous system by cutting dinner. What with serious occupations, running to exhibitions, theatres, balls, and what-not, she is hardly ever in bed before half-past two in the morning, and more often three; yet she gets up at nine and keeps fresh, lively and active, though weighted with *embonpoint*. This is her dietary: A bowl of warm, unsugared milk, taken with coffee, is taken without anything else at nine in the morning. Lunch is at half-past twelve, of fish, one meat dish, and two vegetables and cheese. Salad is taken pretty often, and the meal is followed by several small cups of black coffee. When cherries, currants, or strawberries are in season, a plateful of one or the other fruit is taken at six o'clock, without any other sort of food. Otherwise there is an unbroken fast from lunch to one or two the morning, when there is a slight refection made of vegetable broth or chicken broth, a small roll of hard-baked bread, an egg, and a little cheese. My friend tells me that she most enjoys living when slightly hungry; then her mental consciousness is most keen and her will is most wakeful. Not being dull, she never feels, however long she may go without breaking her fast, the pangs of hunger. She walks three or four miles daily. It is torture to her to engage in intellectual work after a repast, when the stomach, if the brain has to work, gets in conflict with it. The theatre is not enjoyable just as one is rising from table. Query: May not the decay of the drama be traced to the heavy seven o'clock meals? I know that "The pâté *sonnerie* of the ballet," said the director of the dance department of the Opera House to me the other day, "is due to its great patrons being rich *pâtés* eaters and honey mangers and other rich old men. They come gorged with palate-tickling food to the opera, and want something that is at once a *pâtisserie* and a *tour de force*. Gracefulness is thrown away on them." I have been discussing the dinner question with a Jew, aged eighty, who is an enthusiastic Mosaist. He himself ate the *vache enragée* until he was five-and-twenty, and thinks it was the making of him. The reason he gave why his brethren bear so well all climates is that they spoil their meat when they prepare it according to the prescriptions of their religion. It is first bled, and then steeped in salt and water until no redness stains the water. This unfits it for the spit or the grill, and does not make it toothsome in a stew—the only way in which it can be done, unless boiled. Meat thus prepared has no savor, and does not tempt the Jew to eat of it gluttonously. Dying of apoplexy does not much matter, since every one must die of something. But, as my aged Hebrew friend observes, it does matter to be for years in a state that ends in apoplexy—to wit, with a starved brain. The brain starves in the midst of too great plenty, because gormandizing clogs the capillary arteries which bring life to the brain substance. The blood does its best to do its work, and tries its efforts at last bursts a vessel. I once knew an in prosario, who was also a Jew. He was behind any number of lyrical theatres, from Stockholm to Sydney, cafes-concerts, music halls, and other places where singing was the attraction. He held carnivorous feeding in horror, and told me that he never lost his time seeking for fine voices in countries where a fish or a meat diet prevailed. The most fish-eating Italians—those of Naples and Genoa—have not often among them sweet singers. The most meat-eating part of Great Britain—England—is also a vocalless country. Though the singing is so fearful in the Scotch kirks, my friend found some divine songsters south of the Grampians, and a greater number in the Highlands. He often heard peasant Irish women "lilt" and sing like nightingales, but never in the towns. Sweden was a country of song, because a country of grain. Norway was not—too much fish was eaten there. Vocal capacity disappeared in musical families who got rich. They ate too much meat. The vocal birds are eaters of grain, fruit, and vegetables. No carnivorous one could ever sing a song. It croaks, has a bad liver, and is generally melancholy.

Member of the Legislature.

In addition to the testimony of the Governor of the State of Maryland, U. S. A., a member of the Maryland Legislature, Hon. Wm. C. Harden, testifies as follows: "746 Dolphin street, Balto., Md., U. S. A., Jan. 18, 90. Gentlemen: I met with a severe accident by falling down the back stairs of my residence, in the darkness, and was bruised badly in my hip and side, and suffered severely. One and a half bottles of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me. Wm. C. Harden." Member of State Legislature.

An Estimate Without Gush.

Primus—I am chairman of the committee on invitations to the annual banquet of the Utonian society and I'm thinking of asking Colley; how is he, a good diner out?

Secundus—Well, Colley is a deep thinker and his appetite is extemporaneous.

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DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

After other medicines failed, I was speedily cured of a dangerous Cough by the use of two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.—Joseph Caplin, Pastor of the *New Covenant Church*, Chicago, Ill.

About five years ago I suffered from a very obstinate Cough, from which I was unable to obtain relief. I was finally persuaded, by a friend, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before taking half a bottle of this medicine, was entirely cured. Since then I have used it whenever needed, and always with good effect.—Charles Meacham, Westfield, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy I have ever found for Colds and Coughs, or for Throat and Lung diseases. I have used it in my family for many years. It always effects speedy cures.—J. P. Depoy, Londonderry, Ohio.

A few weeks ago I took a severe Cold, which, at first, I neglected to cure for. In three days it affected my Lungs, and I became extremely ill. Breathing was most difficult and painful, and my family physician, not being able to come himself, sent directions to the house, sent directions that I should take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I was promptly relieved by the use of this medicine, and, after taking only one bottle, was entirely cured.—Andrew J. Davis, Atchison, Kansas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take it, and, in a short time, was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Music.

A guileless man asked me a day or two ago, "which do you consider the better—the Torrington Orchestra or the Toronto Symphony Orchestra?" This is only a sample of the simple questions asked nearly every day, which if answered, would enroll the candid judge with nearly every section of musical effort in Toronto, for that faith in self which leads to success is nowhere more evident than in the artist who has chosen a department of music as his mission in life. Where this sublime self-confidence is crossed by an adverse dictum, the artist's ire is roused and deadly enmity is the result. I have had so many metaphorical bricks fired at me for indulging in judicial decisions that I have given up that highly gratifying but dangerous propensity. To my enquirer of a few days ago, I said, "Look in next SATURDAY NIGHT." And now in answering the question I would say to him, and to all others who are interested in the question of the relative excellence of our two local orchestras, that I think both are good, extremely good, and that the best way to form an intelligent opinion is to go and hear both. All criticism is, after all, only a matter of individual opinion, some being better qualified to judge than others. Go and form your own comparison of these bands, and you may be sure of one thing—that you will not disagree with the judge.

*

Apropos of this question, there is now an excellent opportunity to institute such a comparison as the Torrington Orchestra gives its concert under the auspices of the Toronto Orchestral Society on Monday evening at the Pavilion. The orchestral details have already been attended to in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT, and the solo numbers are of equal excellence. Frau Dunbar-Morawetz, the contralto who has been making many friends lately by her good work, will sing O Don Fatale from Verdi's Don Carlos; Mr. Douglas Bird, a young tenor who is under Mr. Torrington's training, will sing Birch's pretty little song, I Am Waiting, and will take part in Lucantoni's Night in Venice with Mrs. J. C. Smith; Miss Florence Clarke will play the first movement from Beethoven's C minor Concerto, with the Reinecke Cadenza; and Mr. Herbert L. Clarke will play Steinhauser's Polka de Concert on his little slide cornet. I believe all the solos will be accompanied by orchestra.

*

On Thursday evening of last week there was a service of song at the Church of the Redeemer. While the singing of the choir was fair, it was not up to its usual standard, the tenors being weak in tone, and a general lack of steadiness being noticeable, especially in Barnby's Abide With Me, a very effective composition. Miss Eva N. Roblin gave a very satisfactory rendering of D'Auria's Morning Star, and Torrente's Show Me Thy Ways. She has a rich and sweet voice, with perfectly truthful intonation, and sings in very pleasing style. Miss Annie Langstaff sang Consider the Lilies in a excellent voice, and with great sympathetic feeling, and Miss Lettie Hackett sang But the Lord is Mindful of His Own, very impressively. Mr. A. S. Vogt's organ playing was excellent, being distinguished by a fine, clear technique and correct and artistic registration. His numbers were Guilmant's Allegro Moderato, Whiting's Andante Cantabile, and Lemmens' fine March Pontificale. Mr. G. Dinelli accompanied the vocal numbers and Mr. E. W. Schuch directed as choirmaster.

*

I hear that the progress of Heintzman's band, under the direction of Mr. H. L. Clarke as bandmaster, is so satisfactory that they will give a concert early in February, and are now practising some fine music for that event.

*

The Toronto Vocal Society is very energetic in its preparations for its concert next Thursday. Mass rehearsals of its large chorus of one hundred and sixty voices are being held, and the plan of seats shows a lively public interest in its performance. This will afford another opportunity for the critics to wear a label bearing the legend, "No judicial opinions given except on payment of a professional fee for expert evidence." The concert will be especially interesting, as being Mr. W. Edgar Buck's *debut* in Toronto as a conductor and as affording a comparison of his methods with those of his predecessor. The society will repeat its programme of part songs at the West End Y. M. C. A. hall on Thursday evening, January 29, assisted by Miss Maud Fuller, contralto; Mr. E. W. Schuch, baritone, and Mr. B. L. Faeder, solo violinist.

*

The Harmony Club is moving again, and will give an opera this season. At a recent meeting of the club the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Albert Nordheimer; vice-president, Mr. E. H. Duggan; secretary, Mr. A. Cecil Gibson; treasurer, Mr. George Dunstan. These gentlemen, with Messrs. George S. Michie and J. A. Macdonald will act as a provisional committee to recommend names for the executive committee. The opera to be performed has not yet been selected, but will probably be one of the Gilbert and Sullivan series.

*

The tirade about the "low state of church music in Toronto" which appeared in the *Canadian Musical Herald* some months ago was sent to the *Musical Standard* of London, England, and its more violent denunciations were copied by that journal. Mr. F. H. Torrington gallantly came to the rescue and wrote a forcible letter contradicting the charge which was published by the *Standard*, with comments highly complimentary to the selection of over four hundred anthems, services and choruses which form the repertoire of the Metropolitan church choir. Not having heard any more from the *Herald* on this burning subject, nor yet the ideal programme of a church service which was promised for the general enlightenment of the Canadian public, we may conclude, I suppose, that the young writer has had the grace to feel ashamed of his hasty and ill-advised exordium, prompted, probably by the state of things visible within the narrow limits of the choir of which he was director at the time of writing.

*

As a few years ago, New York fairly won from Boston the proud claim of being the musical center of America, so we may now expect Chicago to put forth some claims for this enviable distinction, as Theodore Thomas has made a three years' contract to live in the Western metropolis and conduct an orchestra there. There is much tribulation among his men, who do not like to sever their connection with their leader, yet many of them are averse to the idea of leaving New York. The rise of New York, musically, was undoubtedly very largely due to the work and influence of Mr. Thomas, and his migration westward will undoubtedly exert a powerful influence upon musical life and effort in that section.

*

I hear from Port Hope that Miss Louise Singleton, daughter of Mr. Thomas Singleton, organist of the Methodist church of that town, is developing a great talent as a pianist. She is only eleven years of age and plays Scharwenka's Polish Dance, Chopin's Fantaisie Impromptu, Godard's Mazurka, the Semiramide Overture, and other pieces of equal difficulty.

*

Mrs. Bradley, leader of the choir of Berkeley street Methodist church gave an entertainment in that church recently, for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society. The affair was a decided success, the lecture room being crowded and the programme all that could be desired. Among those who took part were the following vocalists: Miss Hamilton, Miss W. Wilson, Miss Bambridge, Miss Foad, Miss Pridham, Messrs. Thomas Littster, W. Watson and Bruce Bradley. Miss Wilson pleased the audience with a violin solo, while Miss Gordon's rendition of Aria and Rondo was also well received. Miss Washington recited Pauline Pavlovne with some effect, but Miss Lewis' recitations captured the audience, her action, dramatic effect and clear enunciation being the result of careful study. Mrs. Bradley and Mr. J. D. Tripp were the accompanists.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

There is little worth writing about at the local theaters this week. Considered as shows they are all passably good; considered as plays they are all more or less worthless. At the Grand Opera house I found a large audience assembled last Monday evening, to gaze upon The Bottom of the Sea. It would be hard to say what attracted all the people, unless they had a lurking idea that they were going to meet the historic Daniel McGinty. Several prostrate forms were noticed scattered about the haunts of the mermaids, sea devils and other uncanny creatures, but the fabulous Dan could not be recognized among them. Almost the only thing The Bottom of the Sea has to commend it to public favor is the scenery displayed. To those who have a fondness for looking upon "a painted ship upon a painted ocean" with the infirmities of both glossed over by an ingenious arrangement of electric lights, The Bottom of the Sea will commend itself. For those on the other hand who are more taken with a well turned metaphor than the scintillation of a green light, who prefer character to canvas, The Bottom of the Sea will be found as damp and depressing in its effect as the real submarine depths. If the play or the acting could only keep up in the procession with the scenery it would be enjoyable, but was there ever a good time without a headache after it? Alas! we cannot have all the good things together. Several of the players spoke their lines as though they could do something if given half a chance.

*

Wilson Barrett and Hall Cane's drama, Good Old Times, will begin a week's run at the Grand Opera House next Monday evening. This will be its first production in Toronto. The New York *Tribune* says: "The laughter that followed the comic people of the play, the groans and hisses that assailed the villains and and the clapping of hands, and the cheers that greeted the good people and their virtuous words and acts might well recall 'good old times' to any old lover of the kind of play that forces the righteous to drag a wretched existence through four acts, in which the wicked prevail over them and enjoy all the blessings that are not their own, and then reverses the whole situation in the fifth act and leaves the good prosperous and happy, and the bad miserable or penitent.

*

The Academy has done a fair business this week with a musical farce, entitled Rapid Transit. The central idea is the history of the invention, growth and use of a so-called pneumatic tube which is intended, on its completion, to form another link in the chain of wonderful productions of the intellects of genius. Polonius De Kew, P.D.O., the inventor with his wife, daughters, and business confrere, are kept continually busy fighting off trade bills. One ruse is either to prevail on the butcher and baker, etc., to buy up stock in payment or manage to get them on the tube chair and send them off to the Antipodes. The whole thing is a string of absurdities and is very silly. A number of songs of different varieties with local hits and dancing takes fairly well. Mr. George Laurl and Mr. Edwin who are on the stage almost all the time support each other well. The Misses Percy, Paul, Elliot and Vinton assist the comedy, with choruses, dancing etc. Miss Agnes Paul surprised many when she sang a classical and pretty well-known solo quite effectively, showing the possession of a fine voice. Mr. Russell ably played a cornet and other musical instruments.

*

Wife for Wife is the title of the play which has occupied the stage at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week. The author takes the leading *role* himself. The story of the play is located down South, before the war. Wife for Wife is rather more finished in its construction and presentation than the average melodrama. It is good of its kind, but its kind cannot be heartily recommended. It has been remarked as curious that this play should resemble (?) Othello—as if it were a freak of nature. If there is anything curious about it, it is that we are not oftener presented with Othello and other classic plays brought up to date. If there is a curious resemblance between the two plays, it must be admitted by Mr. Stevens that Mr. Shakespeare got a couple of hundred years the start of him.

*

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mrs. Agnes Dalziel, formerly Miss Agnes Law, a reader somewhat well known in this city will make her *debut* in Chicago in the Auditorium, on January 26, at the Burns anniversary festival.

Mr. J. W. Bengough is announced to give an entertainment in the West End Y. M. C. A. Hall on January 22. The programme will be somewhat similar to the one given so successfully in Association Hall recently, but will not be an exact repetition of it. The West Enders will have the privilege of hearing one of the best local entertainments given in Toronto this season.

Varsity Chat.

A student who is clever—billiantly clever—has abundant opportunities to display his ability almost any day among us. The meetings held and the topics discussed are well nigh innumerable. The Composition of Mind for example, is a most involved subject and the great theory of evolution that has caused the heads of many thinkers to whirl and the tongues of hosts of speakers to wag, presents phases of thought for the most refined tricks of reasoning and play upon words. By the way what would philosophy be without words? What rarified ideas we do get as words, so long as to be athletic, somersault over our brains. Philosophy does beautifully assist us to bear the troubles of others, but when we are afflicted ourselves the—well, I will not betray secrets. Rudyard Kipling says something about "A man called Comte and a man called Spence" who "deal with people's insides from the point of view of men who have no stomach's." What he means by this the philosophical societies may decide according to their own tastes.

*

What effect the High School Leaving and University Matriculation Examination will have on our successors, we have not taken much time to consider. We are more concerned about the examinations that lie before ourselves, and in the meantime the cause of humanity and higher education may struggle on, as it will always do without acknowledging our assistance, just as the modern language course develops without proper recognition. The future student will have a new and modernized library in which to luxuriate, and like the bee that sips honey from all the buds in the field, yet rests on none, so may the seeker after knowledge draw sweetness from the concentrated thoughts of the ages—bright flowers of brilliant minds—without placing absolute faith in any theory. Books are mild and inoffensive. They contain opinions but they do not possess the power to thrust these down the throats of the readers. It is not, then, to be wondered at that men love the company of books, there is no strife about the "last word." A man who spends too much time in such meek and inoffensive company is apt to become weird and grow to think there is no one higher than himself. The seniors might think this over for a few minutes.

*

Senator Embree has decided to move in the Senate that the conditions upon which the Prince of Wales' scholarship be awarded shall be so amended as not to discriminate against the department of modern languages. This opens up another struggle for a due place to be accorded to this department of study in relation to the other departments. The Prince of Wales, though an undergraduate of the University, has nothing to say regarding the scholarship that bears his title. It is not generally known that his name appears in heavy black type at the head of the printed list of undergraduates, but it is there as ALBERT EDWARD P.

DRAX ALEEN.

Trinity Talk.

Rev. Prof. Lloyd has been instrumental in forming a classical association, the object of which is to lend additional interest to the study of classics, more particularly for those taking an honor course. At a business meeting held on Tuesday the following officers were elected: President, Rev. Prof. Lloyd; Vice-President, Rev. Prof. Clark; Secretary, Mr. J. H. H. Coleman, '91; Committee, Mr. Dunlop, Rev. Mr. Broughall, Mr. C. S. MacInnes, '92, Mr. H. Locke, '93. It was decided to hold meetings twice a month, and not a small recommendation to the success of the society is that those attending the meetings will be credited with having attended a classical lecture.

*

The Reverend the Provost is spending the winter at Lakewood, N. J., his health not permitting him to winter in Canada.

*

The annual conversazione will take place on Monday evening, February 9th. The day chosen is somewhat earlier than usual, but the rapidly approaching Lenten season made it necessary to select a date as early as was possible.

*

The usual course of lectures given during Lent term at Trinity will be commenced on January 17. The first lecture will be delivered by Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston. The friends of Trinity and the public generally are invited to attend. The lectures will begin at four o'clock sharp in the Convocation Hall.

CÆCUS.

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society

Last Saturday evening was a field night for the descendants of Brian Boru and other distinguished "rale old Irish gintlemen" of ever-green memory.

The subject for debate was: Resolved,—"That Parnell is deserving of the censure of all right thinking people for seeking to retain the leadership of the Irish party." Although it seems at first to the unbiased observer that this is a statement which will admit of very little argument, it very soon changed its aspect under the skilful handling of the speakers for the negative. Mr. W. T. J. Lee, in a speech worthy of his reputation, opened for the affirmative by laying bare the faults in Parnell's political career; he also dealt in an unsparing manner with his moral obliquity. Mr. Tait taking up the blackthorns for Parnell with the help of the humorous twinkle in his eye, and his slight Irish accent, acquitted himself nobly. He also traced Parnell's career, but put an entirely different complexion on it; he traced the careers of some of Parnell's opponents, from the gutter whence they were lifted by that great man, to their present unenviable position as despicable traitors to their benefactor and their country's cause. The delicacy with which Mr. Tait handled the "romantic little incident" with Mrs. O'Shea was beyond all praise. Mr. Henderson whose quiet but impressive style always commands a hearing, next spoke and to the point, in the cause of morality and the "Grand Old Man," and was followed by Mr. McGhie for the negative in a typical Irish speech, which stirred his audience up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Mr. McGhie looked as if he would have liked to emphasize some of his remarks "with a bit av a shtick," for all that it was a rattling good speech. Mr. W. E. Hunter noted the fact that at the time O'Brien and the rest of his colleagues were being arrested for interfering on behalf of evicted tenants, Mr. Parnell (alias Mr. Fox) was taking advantage of his friend to betray him, which statements brought Mr. Harper Armstrong to his feet with a bound, and a burst of chivalrous eloquence, which was to the sinking spirits of the negative, as the mellow sound of the dinner horn to hungry farm hands at high noon. The graceful ease with which the speaker reeled off some astounding statements proved him to be an adept in the useful art of juggling with facts, and was only equalled if not exceeded by the masterly manner in which after driving his shafts through the enemies' defences, he carefully clinched them on the other side by stating that he was an Englishman and a Tory. Mr. Armstrong's remarks were listened to with the greater pleasure owing to the fact that he is a jolly good fellow and generally liked. Messrs. Deacon and Shore also made excellent speeches, but, unfortunately, as they spoke last in the debate they will have to come least in my report owing to limited space. At the close of this memorable debate the division was in favor of the affirmative.

The vote on the revision of the constitution resulted, as was generally expected, in the carrying of the clause to extend the time for voting from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., and the defeat of the clause to limit the constituency to the City of Toronto.

It is expected that at least 1,500 people will be present at the At Home on January 25. The prices are: Ladies and students who are members $1, the rest of the profession and friends $2. The names (which have to be submitted to a committee) should be sent with the necessary funds to the secretary, Mr. A. Y. Blain, Osgoode Hall, who will send the invitations direct.

LEX.

How Late Hours in Shops Came About

There was a time when work ended with sunset. Gay, in sketching the changing circumstances of the street throughout the day, begins the last book of the Trivia with a reference which must have touched afresh the gladness he had often felt in shutting up the shop during his own mercery experience.

When night first hide the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy veil unwraps the air,
Then swarms the street, with caution tread
Where the shop windows thing threat the head.

These shop windows were rather shop-shutting boards, which were swung on hinges above the front, fastened up during the day and let down to close it in at night. Then, with shops shut up, there was nothing to tempt quiet folk out of doors into darkness and real danger, and the best means of street lighting that men could then devise or try still left the narrow ways dim and unsafe. The city regulations in 1716 required no more than that all householders fronting any public thoroughfare should, in every dark night, or every night between the second night after every full moon till the seventh night after every new moon, set or hang out one or more lights with sufficient cotton wicks that should continue to burn from 6 o'clock at night till 11 o'clock of the same night, under the penalty of one shilling for any neglect of or failure in this duty. Under the rule of cotton wicks early closing was a matter of course. By 1736 the number of public lamps had been increased to what was then considered the astonishing number of 5,000, and these were left burning until sunrise.

Before the end of the century the lighting of the streets had so much improved that a new habit of going out after dark had grown up, to which shopkeepers were quick to accommodate themselves; and although some parts of London, as late as 1819, were still left to the flickering mercies of oil lamps, gas had by that time become general, and had done its worst in destroying the ease and leisure of shop assistants. They began then their long revolt against late hours, and in 1821 publicly appealed to employers to shorten "the immoderate hours of business," asking, modestly enough, that the time of closing should be made 10 o'clock in summer and 9 in the winter. Then followed, in 1842, a Metropolitan Drapers' Association for Abridging the Hours of Business, but this soon received a severe check in the repeal of the excise duty on glass three years later. The manufacture had been commenced in this country a few years before, but with the freedom of the trade from official regulations and taxation, large and still larger panes began to take the place of the narrow squares of old shop fronts, and to the public gas and glass together proved irresistible. And that was how late hours came and made shop assistants the modern Slaves of the Lamp.—*Warehousemen and Traders' Journal.*

Consolation for All.

"I'm feeling very ill again, doctor. Do you think I'm going to die?"

"My dear madam, compose yourself. That is the last thing in the world that is going to happen to you."—*Life.*

To My Canadian Sweetheart.

For Saturday Night.

Just a flower, a modest wild violet
I gathered when skies were most blue,
On a mountain o'erlooking fair Conway,
And gathered while thinking of you.

I had roamed ha'fway top of the Great Orme
Then paused to look down at the scene,
When, lo! at my feet grew this blossom
Embedded in tangle of green.

It raised its pure, pearly head upright
With gesture of free, native grace,
And I plucked it because it resembled
A certain Canadian face.

A face that is always before me
To brighten my path as I roam,
A wee, winsome lassie, who some day soon
Will gladden my heart and my home.

But the ring-time you say is the spring-time,
Well, love, I will bide your decree,
And when next bloom the fragrant white violets
A Cambrian's bride you will be.

Together we'll roam the mountain paths,
Together we'll gaze on the sea,
And we'll talk of the days when the silvery waves
Parted my darling from me.

December's dark hours are so dreary,
But joy with the spring buds is near;
Pray accept this, my little love-token,
And with it the gladdest New Year.

NORA LAUGHER.

Harvest.

For Saturday Night.

I.

Perhaps the wheat-stalks, as before the steel,
Was lowly laid each golden, full-grained head,
Missed the strong arm, that in the glad spring days
Upon the joyous earth the seed had spread.

For through the harvest time that arm had grown
More thin and wasted, weak become the breath,
And on the morning that the wheat was cut
He was cut-green by the great reaper, Death.

For him the locusts shrilly sang a dirge,
Till from the fields, the reaper did depart,
Then whi, poor-wills, with sorrow-laden note
Seemed to give voice—the sadness of each heart.

II.

The moon had veiled her face, as through the wheat
We sadly bore him back to earth again;
All Nature seemed to mourn, as in old time
The gods did mourn for some Greek hero slain.

We laid the wasted body in the earth,
The earth that while he lived, the body fed,
And wept, because the form that we had loved
Was the same form, although the soul had fled.

But as we homeward walked, and far away
Saw stretched the harvest fields, and heaven's dome
Shining of peace, we wept no more that now
The harvest Lord had called his spirit home.

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

Unknown Paths.

For Saturday Night.

["'Tis a dangerous experiment to strike out a new path for oneself."—MONTAIGNE.]

The roots from which our actions come
Are understood by few,
Who would be popular "in Rome"
Must "do as Romans do."

That "many-headed monster thing"
Perforce must be our head,
For from its patronage we wring
Our very daily bread.

Who seeks to tread untrodden ways
Must tread those ways alone,
Be steeled to scorn, nor hope for praise
Or favor save his own.

New paths may lead to higher heights,
"There's safety on the plain;
Why barter certain warmth and light
For more than doubtful gain?"

God reads the heart; men recognize
But one unvarying rule:
The dreamer who succeeds is "wise,"
Who fails is but "a fool."

ESPERANCE.

Twin Guests.

The other day a chubby boy,
With wings and blinded eyes,
Came clamoring at my door, and I,
To rid me of his cries,
At last said, "Love, you may come in;"
When, with dismay at heart,
I saw the rascal enter with
Almost his counterpart—
Except that while Love smiled, this one
Did nought but complain.
"Where'er I go," the blind boy said,
"Goes my twin brother Pain."
They quickly drove calm Friendship out,
And what with tears and smiles
I can do naught but comfort Pain
And watch Love's pretty wiles.
And though sometimes in weariness
I wish them far away,
Again so sweet the torments are
I plead with them to stay.

Uncle William's Picture.

Uncle William, last July,
Had his picture took.
"Have it done, of course," says I,
"'Jes the way you look!"
(All dressed up, he was, for the
Barbecue and jubilee
The Old Soldiers' Reunion.) So he—
Last he had it took.

Lide she'd coaxed and begged and plead,
Sence her mother went;
But he'd cough and shake his head
At all argument;
Mebby clear his throat and say,
"What's my business 'mount to, hey,
Now, with mother gone away
From us, like she went?"

But we'd projick'd round, tell we
Got it figgered down
How we'd git him, Lide and me,
Drivin' into town;
Bragged how well he looked, and flashed
Up around the face, and freshed
With the morning air; and brush'd
His coat-collar down.

All so providential! Why,
Now he's dead and gone,
Picture 'pears so life-like I
Want to start in on
Them old tales heut to tell,
And old talks, so sociable,
And old songs he sung so well
'Fore his voice was gone!

Face is sad to Lide, and they's
Sorrow in the eyes—
Kinder it sometimes, and lays
It away and cries:
I smooth down her hair, and 'low
He is happy, anyhow,
Bein' there with mother now—
Smile and wipe my eyes.

James Whitcomb Riley in January Century.

Noted People.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is said to be the most popular woman writer in Paris, and many of her books have been translated into French.

The baptism of the infant son of Emperor William has been fixed for the 25th inst. The King and Queen of Italy will be the child's sponsors.

Rhoda Broughton lives at Oxford, where she took up her abode ten years ago. In all she has written about thirty books, but she has allowed only half of them to be published.

Mrs. Henry Draper, now in Peru, is her husband's constant assistant in all his astronomical researches. She spends much of her time among the telescopes and photographic apparatus of the observatory.

Miss Rachel Sherman, who is hostess in her father's New York home, is a low voiced, pleasant-faced little lady, and is said to be the general's chief dependence for names and dates that have escaped his memory.

Elizabeth Bisland is a young, brilliant, and versatile woman, exceptionally beautiful and winsome, and possessing that charm above every other, a low, sweetly modulated voice, with sweet Southern intonations.

The Empress Harako of Japan is an enlightened and scholarly woman, who has done much to further the social revolution of the last twenty-five years. Her best friend and ally is the Countess Oyama, who, as Stamatz Tamagowa, was a graduate of Vassar College, and no doubt brought back from the West many a wise notion of domestic life.

Mrs. Maggie Van Cott, the old-time Methodist revivalist, is now holding meetings in Chicago. She is sixty-one years old, and for a quarter of a century she has been active in church work. She has scarcely a gray hair in her head, her voice is clear and strong and her complexion has the ruddy hue of health. The only mark of advancing years is a slight deafness.

Wilhelmine, the ten-year-old Queen of Holland, mourns in white gowns for her father. She is not allowed to wear even a dot of black or colors in her house costumes. At all court festivities she will have her face covered with a white point lace veil. In the open air she will wear a little round black hat and overgarments faced with black fox instead of with silver gray, as formerly.

Miss Kate Drexel will endow with eight million dollars the new religious order she is founding, to be called The Sisters of the Most Holy Sacrament, whose work is to be the amelioration of the condition of Indians and negroes. She herself will be domiciled in the order, living like the humblest sister, with no exemptions from the hardship of her lot, though she will probably become Mother Superior.

The furniture of the ex-Emperor of Brazil has been sold at auction. The imperial throne went for about £74, a Chickering square piano for £200, a writing-desk belonging to the ex-Empress for £300, a *prie Dieu* for about £13, and the suite of furniture of the ex-Emperor's private room for about £450. And meanwhile the deposed sovereign is quietly going round to scientific lectures in Paris, probably a good deal happier than when he was on that £74 imperial throne.

"Wooton," Mr. George W. Child's place at Bryn Mawr, is one of the handsomest and most expensively maintained country places in the United States. The annual expenditure is not far from $30,000, of which $12,000 is paid to house-servants and other employees. Twenty men and twelve horses are kept busy all the year round, in caring for the farm and grounds; and, in summer, six additional men are required to look after the lawn, while as many more assist the gardener.

Osman Ghazi, the hero of Plevna, is greatly annoyed at being persistently talked of and treated as dead. An Admiral Osman Pasha lost his life in the shipwreck of the Ertogroul, and every one at once came to the conclusion that it must be the great Osman himself. He has received, during the last few months, a whole volume of obituaries, friendly and otherwise. As a matter of fact, Osman is particularly flourishing, and his sons have been married to daughters of the Sultan.

An amusing incident recently occurred at Carlsbad, where an American gentleman from Buffalo, N.Y., entered his name in the hotel register as James I. King of Buffalo, New York. An open-eyed but hasty reporter announced in the daily paper that James the First, King of Buffalo, had arrived in town. Wherewpon, such a tide of beggars, tradesmen and loafers surrounded Mr. King, some of them mistaking him for the original "Buffalo Bill," that he was forced to leave the place.

Mr. James Russell Lowell has cancelled his engagement to deliver a course of six lectures on the old English dramatists, under the direction of the University of Pennsylvania. An arrangement was made to deliver the course in January, but Mr. Lowell has been advised by his physician that it would be imprudent for him to undertake the task. While his health is improved, and he is able to exercise his usual hospitality at Elmwood, the discomfort of delivering a course of lectures in midwinter away from home is considered too great for him to undergo.

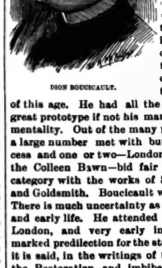
You should see Mark Twain's house, the most picturesque and most elegant of all those Farmington avenue houses on the road to West Hartford, Connecticut. It is a dark, rich red, with showy windows, one of deep blue, surrounded by green, hilly lawn, overlooking a meadow gay and flowery, not foggy and froggy, as is the manner of some meadows. There's a cool, retired, covered platform at the back of the house where, during the warm summer days, the children's playthings and the tables and easy chairs of older ones are brought. The large kitchen is on the front L, very near the street, "so that the kitchen folks can see who is going by in the road without having to go through all the rooms in the house." The elegance is suggestive of Mrs. Twain, but the kitchen joke standing there always, to make us laugh every time we pass there, was, of course, made by Mark himself.

Adelina Patti is something more than a nightingale; she is a thinker, an observer and a student of herself. "Good looks," she declares, "are nothing more than unimpaired bodily health. Beauty is woman's stock in trade, while talent, of what kind soever, it doesn't matter, is her capital. I have treasured both, but in doing so I had to forego many of the pleasures that the multitude of women enjoy. When I do not sing I go to bed as early as an infant, and I always sleep in a room without a fire. I have the window open, because I do not think it wise or safe to breathe again the same air. In getting fresh supplies for my lungs I frequently experience bodily discomfort. Then I rest, not momentarily, but whole days at a time. Our clothes and furniture are protected from wear by not using them. As I don't care to wear out, I adopt the plan of a good housekeeper and preserve. I don't rock, I don't fret. I never read or allow people to tell me about the horrible or grewsome, for those things distress and worry me, which agitation can do nobody any good, and does me a great deal of injury. I not only believe but know for a certainty that women fret away their youth and beauty. Care is a disease of the mind, and as insidious as any that preys upon the body. I have no home cares to bother me, and I don't permit my friends to provide any. Mind, I like women and I love society, but one can pay very dearly for social intercourse and friendship."

Dramatic Authors.

In presenting these few sketches of modern playwrights the object has been to give those whose works have been played here in Toronto. One or two of these are new men, whose work has not yet reached the provincial towns, but the names of the majority of them are often seen on our local playbills. The personality of the playwright appeals but little to the large mass of the population which patronizes the drama. All their interest is centered on the player, who is the exponent of the writer's thought—and often a mighty poor exponent. To the general public the sentiments of the play appear to belong to those who portray them. Good players so identify themselves with the thought and the words, that it is not strange the brain which is responsible for all the pictures presented, the emotions portrayed, the characters personated and all the bright sayings uttered by the actors and actresses should be lost sight of.

Sometimes it happens, however, that the author impersonates his own conceptions and reaps the double glory of author and actor. One of those gifted individuals was the late Dion Boucicault. Boucicault is undoubtedly the largest figure in the history of dramatic literature for the past century. He is the Shakespeare of this age. He had all the fecundity of his great prototype if not his marvellous range of mentality. Out of the many plays he produced a large number met with but ephemeral success and one or two—London Assurance and the Colleen Bawn—bid fair to go into the category with the works of Sheridan, Lytton and Goldsmith. Boucicault was born in 1822. There is much uncertainty as to his parentage and early life. He attended the University of London, and very early in life showed a marked predilection for the stage. He revelled, it is said, in the writings of the dramatists of the Restoration, and imbibed much of their cynicism and wicked wit. His first piece was entitled Napoleon's Old Guard, and his second the farce, A Lover by Proxy.



DION BOUCICAULT.

The following is his own story of the production of London Assurance: "Matthews was then in power, and to him I submitted my farce—A Lover by Proxy—which he promised to read. I called on him several times, but, of course, did not succeed in getting an audience. Finally I caught him dining and was admitted to his presence.

"'Ah, young man,' he said, 'you wish to know my verdict on your farce? It is promising, in fact, clever; but I cannot produce it at present, for my time is filled up. However, if you care to leave it, I'll see what can be done hereafter. There are good points in Harry Lawless. If I had a part like that in a five-act play, I'd jump at it.'

"Well, I knew that Mathews had not the remotest idea of bringing out my farce, but I saw light in his remarks regarding a five-act play. I went home and began London Assurance, and in six weeks completed it. This was in March, 1841, at the age of eighteen. Again I went to Mathews and showed him the comedy.

"'But I ordered no comedy,' he exclaimed.

"'I am aware of that,' I replied. 'You did say, however, that if you had a part like Harry Lawless in a five act comedy, you'd jump at it. I have written such a character for you.'

"'What,' he cried, 'do you mean to say you've written a five-act comedy in six weeks, on my suggestion?'

"'Yes.'

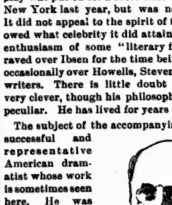
"My perseverance so astounded Mathews that his indifference turned to interest. He read London Assurance, accepted it, and when I read it to the actors of Covent Garden, Madame Vestris was so pleased that she came to me, saying: 'Whatever may be the public verdict, we feel sure you have written a great comedy.'"

Some of the critics, among them Thackeray, who was then an obscure writer on *Fraser's Magazine*, predicted failure, but the public saw fit to differ, as they often do. In 1852 he made his first appearance as an actor in a play he had written, entitled The Vampire. As no one would act the part of this monster, Boucicault took it himself. In 1860 he produced his most successful play, The Colleen Bawn, taking the plot from a novel, entitled The Collegians, by Gerald Griffin. This play ran for two years at The Adelphi Theater, London, and made, it is said, half a million dollars for the author. Boucicault wrote, according to his own account, over four hundred plays. He was more of an adapter than a creator. His knowledge of all departments of the theater and their resources was complete. He modelled and sketched his own scenery, contrived his own mechanical effects, selected appropriate music, arranged the action of his piece and presided at rehearsals. He was most prodigal in his style of living, and alternated all his life between extraordinary success and failure.

French drama is not often put on the boards in Toronto. The work of M. Victorien Sardou has, however, become somewhat familiar to us, chiefly through the instrumentality of Miss Fanny Davenport. Miss Davenport evidently wishes to become the American exponent of his work, as Sara Bernhardt is the French. Miss Davenport has starred in this country in Fedora and La Tosca, and is now electrifying New Yorkers as Cleopatra, with half a dozen Worth gowns and a real, live, crawling "worm of the Nile." Sardou has been compared to a skilful daily journalist. His effort is to feel the pulse of the times, and to give it such matter as will suit it best. He is full of resource, clever and quick-witted, but lacks the sincerity of those who work for immortality. He is not considered at the head of the French dramatic writers, but his work seems to possess qualities which render it more suitable for adaptation and for the tastes of English and American publics. To accomplish the latter, however, a great deal of elimination and reconstruction is necessary.

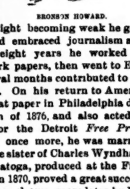
VICTORIEN SARDOU.

A foreign dramatist whose plays called forth a great deal of attention recently in England and in some of the big American cities is Henrik Ibsen. Ibsen is a Norwegian and has won by his work much esteem in Germany and France. The play which chiefly attracted attention to him in England and America is entitled The Doll's House. This play was put on for a short time in Boston and New York last year, but was not successful. It did not appeal to the spirit of the public and owed what celebrity it did attain chiefly to the enthusiasm of some "literary faddists" who raved over Ibsen for the time being as they do occasionally over Howells, Stevenson and other writers. There is little doubt that Ibsen is very clever, though his philosophy seems very peculiar. He has lived for years in Munich.



HENRIK IBSEN.

The subject of the accompanying sketch is a successful and representative American dramatist whose work is sometimes seen here. He was born in Detroit, Mich., in 1842. Having received a liberal education at the New Haven collegiate and commercial institute, Mr. Howard prepared to read for the class of 1865 in Yale, but his eyesight becoming weak he gave up his studies and embraced journalism as a profession. For eight years he worked on different New York papers, then went to England and for several months contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. On his return to America he represented that paper in Philadelphia during the exhibition of 1876, and also acted as correspondent for the Detroit *Free Press*. Visiting England once more, he was married there in 1880 to the sister of Charles Wyndham. His first play, Saratoga, produced at the Fifth Avenue Theater in 1870, proved a great success, and this was followed two years later by Diamonds, which had a run of fifty-six nights. Other equally successful plays were Hurricanes, The Banker's Daughter, produced a few months later, Wives, Young Mrs. Winthrop, One of Our Girls, The Henrietta, and Shenandoah.

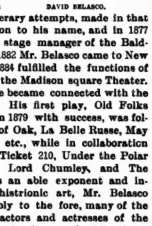


BRONSON HOWARD.

There are few names of dramatic writers of the day more familiar to us than those of Messrs. De Mille and Belasco, who have worked together for a number of years. The three most successful plays they produced have all been played in Toronto. Henry C. De Mille was born in Washington, North Carolina, in 1853. At the close of the war the boy, then thirteen years old, came north for his education, and in 1875 succeeded in obtaining his B.A. at Columbia College. Four years later he received the degree M.A. He then began studying for the ministry of the Episcopal Church, but through stress of circumstances was compelled to forego this ambition and earn a living by teaching and writing. For three years he instructed the rising generation in Latin and Greek at Lockwood's Academy, Brooklyn, where he subsequently became Vice-Principal. Later he became attached to the staff of the Madison Square Theater. In this position he was suppose to read all MSS. sent to the theater, and also to play at odd times. Mr. De Mille's first play was Delmer's Daughter, and was produced in 1883. His next piece Sealed Instructions (written in collaboration), produced under Mr. Palmer's management, established his claim to dramatic authorship. Mr. De Mille then traveled through the country for two years, playing the season of 1885 6 the part of Buxton Scott in Young Mrs. Winthrop, and writing The Main Line. Then followed his collaboration with Mr. Belasco. Their last play, Men and Women, promises to be as successful as their former efforts.

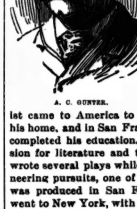
HENRY C. DE MILLE.

Mr. David Belasco, who visited Toronto this winter in the capacity of stage manager for Mrs. Leslie Carter, in The Ugly Duckling, has produced a number of plays on his own account, none of which have become very well known. Mr. Belasco's ability shows itself chiefly in the skill with which he stages a piece. He was born in San Francisco in 1858. His first literary attempts, made in that city, drew attention to his name, and in 1877 he was appointed stage manager of the Baldwin Theater. In 1882 Mr. Belasco came to New York, and until 1884 fulfilled the functions of stage manager at the Madison square Theater. Two years later he became connected with the Lyceum Theater. His first play, Old Folks Ways, produced in 1879 with success, was followed by Hearts of Oak, La Belle Russe, May Blossom, Valens, etc., while in collaboration he wrote Pawn Ticket 210, Under the Polar Star, The Wife, Lord Chumley, and The Charity Ball. As an able exponent and instructor of the histrionic art, Mr. Belasco stands indisputably to the fore, many of the most prominent actors and actresses of the American stage having been under his private tuition.



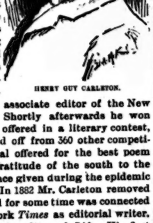
DAVID BELASCO.

Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter is better known to the world as a novelist than a playwright. One of his plays at least has been seen here, The Deacon's Daughter, played by Annie Pixley. The now famous author of Mr. Barnes of New York and other successful novels was born in England, 1847. At the tender age of six years the future novelist came to America to subsequently make it his home, and in San Francisco continued and completed his education. Imbued with a passion for literature and the stage, Mr. Gunter wrote several plays while engaged in his engineering pursuits, one of which, Our Reporter, was produced in San Francisco. In 1878 he went to New York, with the ambition of looking solely to his pen for support, and in 1880 was successful with Two Nights in Rome, which was produced at the Union Square Theater. Among his other plays were: Fresh, the American, The Soul of an Actress, After the Opera, Courage, The Dime Novel, Prince Karl, The Deacon's Daughter, A Wall Street Bandit and Mr. Barnes of New York, each produced at various theaters throughout the country with varying success. Mr. Barnes of New York was written as a novel in 1885, among the Colorado mountains, and published in 1887 by its author after the MS. had been rejected by nearly every publisher. Its success was wonderful, and Mr. Gunter is one of those few men who have waked up one fine morning to find themselves famous. It has been translated into the German, French and Italian languages. His two other novels, Mr. Potter of Texas and That Frenchman were practically sold before they were printed.



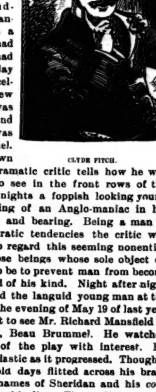
A. C. GUNTER.

Henry Guy Carleton is a name most readers of comic literature have met with at one time or another. As a dramatist he has not such a widespread reputation though he has produced several good pieces. He was born in Mississippi, and spent some time in the United States army, having served in several Indian campaigns. In 1876 Mr. Carleton left the service and become associate editor of the New Orleans *Times*. Shortly afterwards he won two gold medals offered in a literary contest, and in 1878 carried off from 360 other competitors a gold medal offered for the best poem expressing the gratitude of the south to the north for assistance given during the epidemic of yellow fever. In 1882 Mr. Carleton removed to New York, and for some time was connected with the New York *Times* as editorial writer. Later on he became editor of *Life*. His first play was a tragedy in blank verse entitled Memnon, for which the late John McCullough paid $5,000. The second, Victor Durand, was produced in 1884, at Wallack's Theater, and was played throughout the winter. This was followed by The Pembertons, and recently he has been engaged on a comedy for "Billy" Crane.



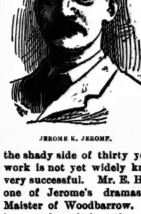
HENRY GUY CARLETON.

This elegant looking young gentleman is one of the latest and most brilliant invaders of this field of literature. Until May of last year he was unknown even in dramatic circles. Suddenly it was announced that a new giant had arisen, and had produced a play of great excellence. This new playwright was Clyde Fitch and the play was Beau Brummel. A well known New York dramatic critic tells how he was accustomed to see in the front rows of the stalls on first nights a foppish looking young man, something of an Anglo-maniac in his dress, speech and bearing. Being a man of strong democratic tendencies the critic was accustomed to regard this seeming nonentity as one of those beings whose sole object on earth seems to be to prevent man from becoming over proud of his kind. Night after night he encountered the languid young man at the theater. On the evening of May 19 of last year the critic went to see Mr. Richard Mansfield in his new play, Beau Brummel. He watched the progress of the play with interest. He waxed enthusiastic as it progressed. Thoughts of the good old days flitted across his brain pan and the names of Sheridan and his *confreres* were on his lips. The audience grew likewise enthusiastic. They called loudly for the author, and none called more loudly than the critic. There walked before the curtain and bowed his acknowledgments the offensive young dude afore mentioned. "When I saw this 'forked radish' walk out on the stage," said the critic afterwards, "I fell back in my chair in a dead faint." The "forked radish" was Mr. Clyde Fitch. Mr. Fitch is an American, born in 1864. He was educated at Amherst college. He wrote poetry for the college papers and acted in amateur theatricals. After graduation he spent his winters in New York, writing children's stories for the *Independent* and the *Christian Union* and working for the comic papers. He was a constant theater-goer. Since Beau Brummel achieved such success he has resolved to devote himself entirely to dramatic writing, and has been inundated with orders for plays. It is said that his success has not turned his head.



CLYDE FITCH.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is perhaps more widely known as a writer of scintillating *brochures* and effervescing books than as a playwright. He is one of the recent successes. After a long and arduous struggle he has achieved the end he strove for and has got his work before an applauding public. Mr. Jerome is an Englishman not yet on the shady side of thirty years. His dramatic work is not yet widely known, but has been very successful. Mr. E. H. Sothern is playing one of Jerome's dramas this season, the Maister of Woodbarrow. This will probably be seen here before the winter is over. His other leading plays are New Lamps for Old and Sunset. His books are The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, Stageland, a series of bright essays on stage subjects and Three Men in a Boat Not Counting the Dog.



JEROME K. JEROME.

Books and Magazines.

Christopher Oakes—evidently a *nom de plume*—has written a very entertaining novel under the caption of The Canadian Senator. The second title, A Romance of Love and Politics, is not at all belied by what is found between the covers of the book. The author has drawn character sketches of everyday people without exaggeration, yet with broad, well-defined strokes. Picturesque sketches of scenery and bits of local color present to us familiar localities in an easy, natural manner, and bright and flowing dialogue enlivens the pages. The plot is an interesting one and smoothly worked out, though there is no melodramatic intensity anywhere. In fact the chief charm of the book is the absence of all straining after suspense, while agreeable and diverting situations abound. The author possesses humor and a certain satirical power, and has made the Canadian senator a fussy, shrewd old chap, whose ambitions and mistakes furnish much amusement. The gentlemen who make history at Ottawa are made to participate in the story and help to make The Canadian Senator a very readable book. (National Publishing Co.)

The Trinity University *Review* is keeping up to an excellent standard in the quality of its contents. In the current number Mr. Carter Troop has a well written review of Froude's Life of Beaconsfield, and a number of excellent selections are contributed.

One of the prettiest souvenir books ever issued in Canada is one just published entitled Illustrated Montreal. The enterprising originator of this volume is Mr. J. McConlif, and there is little doubt that his labor and taste will be well rewarded. It is admirably designed to designate it as a souvenir, as that name gives most people an idea of a much less pretentious work than Illustrated Montreal proves to be. Besides giving an account with illustrations of the city as it now is, this record goes back to the days of Jacques Cartier, and in a succinct and well-written narrative with judicious selections from the works of historical and other writers, follows the growth and progress of the city up to the present time. This lends it an intrinsic value which does not belong to many books of this class. The letter press is illustrated by a large number of clearly printed half-tone cuts from photographs, etc., of views about the city, prominent public buildings, some of the most handsome private residences and other illustrations of interest. The mechanical work on this little volume is excellent. It is bound in a prettily designed board cover and printed on heavy paper. It presents in a concise form as good an idea of Canada's greatest city as pen and pencil can convey.

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

MISS VANSITTART.

"Andrew," said Miss Vansittart, shortly, and a little sternly, "you are keeping a secret from me."

He leaned back in his chair as he heard himself thus addressed, and regarded his sister steadfastly out of his dark corner.

"What makes you think that, my dear Pauline?"

"I do not think it—I know it. You have got someone—else—hidden away upstairs. Why did you not tell me?"

"I thought you had enough upon your hands already, my dear love. I never like to trouble needlessly either you or any other person."

Miss Vansittart uttered one of her inarticulate snorts of displeasure.

"You know that you cannot impose upon me by smooth words, Andrew. Keep them for those who may be deceived by them. As for me, I deserve to be trusted. Is there any plan of yours that I have not tried earnestly to carry out?"

There was something almost pathetic in this appeal. It told a tale of unfliinching loyalty and devotion which had been the one and only elevating influence in this lonely woman's sordid life. She idolized this brother of hers and perhaps only a woman can thus idolize, although the idol was but of clay there was something of an elevating character in the blind unselfishness of her devotion to him. He was her very life, and he knew it well; but he knew also that her nature was of a calibre different from his, and there were moments when he hesitated how far it was safe to trust her. He suspected that there might be limits to her obedience.

So his eyes were bent searchingly upon her, and he seemed to feel his way with some care as the interview proceeded. It was not opposition or betrayal that he feared; he knew that no word of what was passing beneath his roof would ever reach the outside world through any word or deed of hers. But the game he was playing was one that required an utter and entire absence of all human feeling, and a resolute and determined cruelty which is not often to be found in either man or woman. Mr. Vansittart could answer for his own callous insensibility to the suffering, either mental or physical, which he proposed to inflict upon one or both of his victims. Drake he looked upon as a mere tool or machine, as subservient to his will as an inanimate implement; but his sister might feel somewhat differently upon the subject—might even develop a will of her own. It seemed hardly likely that she would set herself deliberately to thwart him, yet he would have preferred to keep her in ignorance of his proceedings had it been possible. As, however, she had discovered something, as indeed it was almost inevitable she should do, he saw that reserve would suit his purpose no longer, and that a certain amount of frankness would be best

"Sit down, Pauline; I will explain matters to you. I am playing a game that is attended with some considerable personal risk; but its nuality compels me to go through with it now; and though I would gladly have spared you the knowledge of a compromising secret, I will share it with you if it is really your wish.

"You had better speak out. If things are going on in this house I ought to know them.

"I do not dispute it for a moment. You shall know anything you wish."

"I wish to know who it is you have got upstairs."

"Cedric Musgrave."

"Humph! Well, I have had my suspicions. What are you doing it for?"

"To conceal him from the bloodhounds of the law. I am connected with the Musgrave family; or, rather, Mrs. Musgrave. I have no wish to see their name disgraced."

"You have another motive, too!"

"I have."

"I thought so. You wish him to renounce Corona."

"Not only to renounce her, but to write such a confession of his guilt as shall effectually alienate her affections."

"And you expect him to do it!"

"Not at first, perhaps; but there are many means of gentle persuasion open to us. You doubtless remember how soon our dear Maria's little fits of obstinacy were checked by a cutting off of supplies. It is a simple and effectual process of taming all live creatures, from man downwards."

"And when you have tamed him!"

"Ah well, when that is accomplished I care little what becomes of him. He can be helped to escape quietly out of the country; or—

The sentence remained unfinished; but there was no confusion or abruptness in Mr. Vansittart's manner; only a sort of pensive reflectiveness that bespoke a mind at work on various possible issues.

"How did you get him here?"

"Very easily, for he was wounded in the scuffle either with Lord Mervyn or their servant, and was conveyed here by two trusty fellows who are now far enough away. I had promised his affectionate stepmother to save him from the consequences of his own rashness if it should be possible, and I have kept my word."

Miss Vansittart drew her brows together in the effort to understand.

"Mrs. Musgrave is in the plot then!"

"If you call it a plot—yes."

"She wants Cedric out of her way, and so do you. Yes, I begin to understand."

"Your penetration does you credit."

But Miss Vansittart did not heed the sneer; she was still pondering deeply.

"I do not understand one point at least. How did you know that this meeting in the wood was to take place? And why did you suspect that it would end in bloodshed?"

"My dear Pauline, your natural genuine curiosity prompts you to ask these questions; but really there is no need to go too deeply into an unpleasing subject. Suffice it to say that I did know; that I was there in readiness to save this rash youth from the consequences of his sin. He may not be grateful to me, but I have saved him from the gallows, and if he prizes his own safety and well-being, he will make terms with me speedily; and earn his liberty so soon as he shall be well enough to profit by it."

"He is ill now!"

"Yes, he is ill, and he will remain so until he has written all that I dictate. He would be rather a dangerous prisoner to keep up there, in his normal health and strength; but there is no danger of a too complete recovery so long as I am doctor and nurse in one. He has a magnificent constitution; but no constitution can stand against the drain on it of an unhealed gun-shot wound such as he has received."

"It may heal."

Mr. Vansittart smiled slightly.

"I shall be surprised if it does under the present treatment; but time will show."

Miss Vansittart sat musing for a while, and when she spoke it was with no great appearance of interest.

"Well, you know best, and you generally succeed in what you take in hand. I suppose I had better help you in such care of your prisoner as his state demands!"

"As you like. He is for the most part left alone. He wants little nursing."

"He certainly need not look for much from me," said Miss Vansittart, rising. "I have plenty on my hands without that," and she went away with the look of apathy and indifference that almost always characterized her grim face when at rest.

But when she had closed the study door behind her, a new look crept into her eyes, a look indicative of greater purpose and resolution.

"Andrew is deceiving me," she said to herself. "Deceiving me or keeping something back. But I will find it all out—for his sake if for nothing else. I will hear this Cedric Musgrave's story with my own ears, and judge for myself. If Andrew has been acting madly and rashly it is well that I should know. It may be that if the world knew all, the case of the prisoner's neck might be in danger of the hangman's rope!"

This supposition, based upon a somewhat comprehensive knowledge of her brother's character, made his sister very uneasy. She felt that until she had got to the bottom of the mystery she should never know another peaceful hour, and the outcome of this feeling was that Cedric was soon afterwards surprised and perplexed by a strange visit from a grim, hard-featured woman, whom he guessed rather than knew to be the Miss Vansittart of whom he had heard Corona and Mervyn speak.

She came too at a moment when a wave of deep despondency was passing over him. Mr. Vansittart had permitted him to read the account of the inquest, which he had shown previously to Corona; and in his bewildered and weakened state it seemed to him that a network of circumstantial evidence had closed so completely round him that it would be impossible to extricate himself from it, even had liberty of action been restored to him. He saw himself the victim of a plot so cleverly laid and so daringly carried out that he trembled at the thought of facing the world and the unknown foe who was stabbing him in the dark. He felt like some creature caught in the hunter's toils, and when he saw that Mervyn had testified against him his heart sank beneath a conviction of his own absolute helplessness.

Miss Vansittart saw the look of bewilderment and despondency upon the patient's face, and grim and cold as she was by nature, she pitied him. She knew that he was her brother's victim—paying the price of his love for Corona, and perhaps no woman ever entirely outlives her sympathy with romance, or her instinctive admiration for youth, and strength, and beauty.

At any rate, be the cause what it may, something in Cedric himself or his position stirred a vague sort of compassion in Miss Vansittart's heart; and as she sat down beside him and glanced at the newspaper she said, not unkindly:

"Ah! you have been reading that. I wonder how much of it all is true."

"Not much."

"Do you mean that you are innocent of the crime imputed to you?"

"I am innocent."

There was something so simple and straightforward in Cedric's manner that to any unprejudiced person his words would go far to carry conviction; and Miss Vansittart was in some respects an unprejudiced person, because she distrusted the credibility of much that had been told her by her brother, and was sincerely anxious to learn the whole truth.

"You mean you did not kill Lord Mervyn's servant!"

"I never even saw him."

"Yet you assaulted Lord Mervyn—he said so himself. Was that untrue!"

Cedric drew his brows together in the effort to recollect. Memory was slowly and surely coming back to him.

"Not in the way that was thought. I never really injured him. I do not think he could have said what he did if his mind had been clear. For a moment he might have been angry; but when he saw what followed he must have seen how needful, how urgent, my warning was."

Cedric was speaking more to himself than to his listener, and, indeed, Miss Vansittart understood but little of his explanation.

"If you mean Lord Mervyn by appointment!"

"No; I did not. I had no idea of seeing him till a few minutes before I found him."

"But that letter—"

"Is a forgery—I never wrote it."

Miss Vansittart turned a little pale. If Cedric spoke the truth, what did it all mean!

"And your knife!"

"Was never unsheathed by me. The whole thing has been a diabolical plot to put a rope round my neck, and to keep me from—" He stopped abruptly, remembering to whom he was speaking. Then he turned a searching look upon his companion, and was perplexed by the look upon her face. Was she a conspirator playing a part, or was she really horrified by what she had heard? He almost fancied the latter.

"Miss Vansittart," he said, suddenly, "what does it all mean!

"If you will tell me all your story," she answered, "perhaps I shall know. At present I am as much in the dark as you."

"But you will believe me!" he burst pause, "I will. It can never do any harm to speak the plain truth; and I think I can now recollect exactly what it was that did happen upon that afternoon."

"One thing more," said Miss Vansittart, as Cedric paused as if to collect his ideas. "Is it, or is it not true that you and Lord Mervyn are at almost open feud!"

"It is not true," answered Cedric, firmly.

"Then what is the meaning of much of the testimony that is given there!" and she laid her hand upon the paper.

"I will tell you," answered the patient. "If you know anything at all about the Musgrave family history, you must know what bitterness of feeling was stirred up in the minds of our respective fathers by the loss of our friendship for one another. Mervyn was often very uncomfortable for me lest it should seriously compromise my future prospects; and when we travelled together I passed under an assumed name. When we reached home we manifested a studious coldness towards one another, understanding each other too well to be deceived, although the world might be. Still matters at home grew more and more uncomfortable. Lord Dorresfield's invitation at the Stormont silver affair became so extreme that for once in his life he became seriously angry with Mervyn, and he felt that he acted accordingly, for his affection for his father is very deep. At the time of the final tie of the billiard match he was so much vexed that it would be practicable to simulate a real quarrel that should lay at rest for the present any suspicions in the minds of on-lookers as to our secret friendship. I believe that this suggestion was as much for my sake as his own. He had a strong conviction that my step-mother was trying to supplant me, and put her son in my place; and that my father's heart would be best won by some aggressive act on my part. I did not understand all this at the time; he explained it later when we met sometimes in secret. When I charged him with foul play and publicly insulted him I was simply doing what he had requested, trusting that he knew what he was about.

Miss Vansittart listened attentively.

"You do not think that Lord Mervyn was himself playing a double game!"

Cedric started and changed color.

"What do you mean!"

"I mean what I say—playing a double game to get you out of his way! My brother believes he is your rival in love; and you see that he bore witness against you."

"I cannot believe it!" cried Cedric, accents that betrayed keen pain. "Besides, all he said was true. I did attack him. He could not tell what followed. Listen, and you shall hear all."

CHAPTER XXVII.

CEDRIC'S STORY.

"On the day of the tragedy in the cottage I had spent most of my time in Jock's room, amusing him during the tedium of convalescence. I had intended going out in the afternoon to try and see Corona—I sometimes met her on the sands—"

"I did not know."

"Probably not. You would not have recognized me had you seen me; you would have taken me for a red-haired sailor."

"Ah, you wore a disguise!"

"Exactly—the disguise you read about there which tells so heavily against me. It cannot hurt anyone now to say why it was adopted, and assumed it. Well, I did not carry out my plan, as Mrs. Musgrave asked me to remain with Jock till her return, and I was in his room at four o'clock, when she came back and asked me to take a prescription to the chemist's. Jock was asleep at the time, and the chemist lives, as you know, on the far side of the village nearest to the wood, and after I left the shop I turned down the lane towards the stream, intending to take a spell of exercise before going home.

"I had not, however, proceeded more than fifty paces along the lane before I heard flying footsteps behind me, and turning round I saw Dinah Boyes, the inn-keeper's daughter, pursuing me at full speed, her face white as death, and her eyes dilated with horror. She told me that there was going to be a murderous attack made upon Lord Mervyn almost immediately. He had been lured by a forged letter or something—she was too much agitated to be very coherent—to the lonely woodland cottage; and if no one could be found to warn him and force him to leave the place instantly, there might be some tragedy enacted there before another half hour had passed.

"Without pausing to inquire how the girl had obtained her information, I started off at full speed for the cottage. For a few minutes I fancied she followed me, but soon her steps ceased, and I imagined she had gone to summon further assistance. But I knew the girl, and knew that she was to be trusted. She heard a great deal as I was flying wild and disturbing the public mind, and had warned us several times before that Mervyn's reforms in of abuses was drawing down upon him the ill-will of a part of the community. At Lord Dorresfield's masked ball she had slipped in, disguised as a gipsy, and had ventured seriously to use my influence to keep Mervyn out of danger, so that this piece of information did not take me entirely by surprise.

"As I ran at full speed to the cottage I made up my mind to save Mervyn at all costs. His cool temperament and constitutional disregard for danger might possibly make him obstinate and difficult to deal with; but the girl herself had begged me to use force if persuasion failed, in order to secure his safety, and I remembered the existence of a sort of inner room or cupboard into which I resolved to shut and lock Mervyn, if he declined to leave peacefully; and then I thought it would be easy to send the men about their business, as they would suspect that they had been found out, and would be in no haste to criminate themselves further.

"When I reached the cottage I found Mervyn waiting for an interview with the disminished agent, Saintsbury, who had desired to meet his ex-master in private. Mervyn was certain that all was right, and of course Saintsbury would be above any kind of personal attack, but my impression was that Saintsbury's name was a mere blind, and that very different people would meet him there. I left him to his fate and was laughed at for my pains. Say what I would I could produce no impression upon him. He had made his appointment and he meant to keep it. There was an end of the matter.

"Seeing that nothing could be done by argument, I resolved to adopt the alternative course, and suddenly sprang upon him and endeavored to put him into the inner room. But he struggled hard, and I found that he was stronger man it was more difficult than I anticipated to overcome him, for he is a practical wrestler, and in the end we both fell, and he struck his head and was stunned for a time. I had never anticipated such a termination to the struggle; but for the moment I was relieved, for I did not believe that he was seriously hurt in any way, and it enabled me to shove him within the inner room and bolt the door upon him before the men arrived."

"Who were the men?" asked Miss Vansittart, who had not attempted to interrupt the narrative before.

"They were perfect strangers to me; two were tall powerful-looking fellows, one of whom had a very bad face. Then besides these two was a small, slight man, who wore a mole-skin cap and a patch over one eye."

"Ah!"

The exclamation seemed to escape involuntarily from Miss Vansittart; but Cedric intent on his tale, did not heed.

"He seemed to be the leader of the party, though he kept in the background. I told the men that Lord Mervyn was unable to keep his appointment, but that he would see them at his own house any day they liked to name; but before I had got many words out one of the men sprang at me, and a few seconds later I heard the sharp report of fire-arms. Then that I remember nothing more. When I came to myself I was lying here."

He paused; but his companion said nothing, and he presently continued speaking.

"I am a prisoner—under the ban of the law. If I escape this confinement I only lay myself open to imprisonment elsewhere. Miss Vansittart, will you repay my confidence by another, and tell me why it was I was brought here at all, and why I am not permitted to go forth at my own risk?"

She looked at him strangely.

"You are kept here—for a purpose."

"What purpose!"

"You must renounce Corona. You must write something that will destroy her love and her confidence in you. I can see it all. You had better do it quickly. It will save much if you will—and much suffering."

Cedric looked at her earnestly. He fancied that she spoke sincerely.

"I do not entirely understand you. Why should I, an innocent man, wish to keep and prove his innocence before the world, give up the woman that he loves? I should hesitate to offer a stained name to Corona; but mine is not stained in reality, as you appear to think. Once let me go free, and I will bring home the guilt to the right person and clear myself."

Miss Vansittart looked sadly.

"The right person," she repeated, questioningly, "but you cannot know who that was."

"I will tell you when I have once more once get quit of this place, and find the man with the mole-skin cap, and I will soon get the missing links into my possession."

Cedric spoke more to himself than to his listener, and the fact that he thus uttered his thoughts aloud showed that he was not quite himself.

A look of deadly fear crossed Miss Vansittart's face. She rose and laid a cold hand on Cedric's shoulder.

"Young man," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "as you value your safety and your life do not do anything so rash, so foolhardy. Be warned by me. Submit yourself to all imposed upon you. You are helpless and alone. No power on earth can reach you. You are utterly and entirely at his mercy. Submission alone can save you. I tell you this for your own good. Do not despise the warning."

With that she turned abruptly and left him, as if afraid to be longer there; only as she reached the door she paused to look back and say:

"He has no mercy, no compassion, and his will is as iron. You are in his way. If you will not submit he will crush you—crush you without the least remorse."

She passed out then as silently as she had entered, and Cedric heard the odd and inexplicable sound which always followed the exit of any visitor to his prison.

Bewildered, mystified, almost horror-stricken at the sudden revelation of the warning to which he had just listened, Cedric made a great effort, and dragged himself slowly from his bed to the door. It was locked, of course; it opened into a narrow passage, and an open door opposite disclosed to view an empty room beyond similar to the one he occupied; and there were two iron square sashes to the window, finishing the block, all the rooms looking out on to the high brick parapet that bounded the narrow, leaded walk all round. But dizzy staircase or mode of access to this upper region he could discover no trace. The rooms opened into the narrow passage, at one end of which was a door leading out upon the leads, but no indication of any kind as to how these rooms were connected with the rest of the house.

Weak, shaken, ill as he was, Cedric was little able to bear exertion or excitement of any kind; and staggering back to his couch once more he felt that a sort of semi consciousness, from which he did not recover for many hours.

Meantime Mr. Vansittart sitting alone in his study was visited by his sister, who entered with a cautious glance around, as if she feared that the very walls might hear and betray the secret thoughts of her heart. He looked at her with that crowning of the face that gave his face a peculiarly snake-like look, though his features did not otherwise change.

"Well, my dear," she said, in a weary low tone, "you did not tell me what peril you have been in. Why is it you do not trust me!"

"In what have I failed in trust!"

"In everything. You never told me that those rooms were to be occupied again. You never told me that you were going to commit the crime of which the man upstairs has been found guilty."

"You are raving, my dear Pauline; or possibly you have been listening to the ravings of delirium."

"Neither one nor the other. I have been listening to a plain, unvarnished tale. Andrew, do you think I am a fool? Do you think I care one whit what you have done? You are still my brother—my all. I would die to save you from the consequences of your sin, if it were brought home to you. Did I not stand by you last time through it all though I wished from the bottom of my heart that it had never existed? Why do you hesitate to trust me still!"

"The instinct of caution inherent to us all, I suppose. Come, Pauline, what do you know—or suspect!"

"That the man, Moulde—the man in the mole-skin cap, stabbed Lord Mervyn's servant whilst the latter were struggling together; and that he afterwards shot Cedric Musgrave and got him conveyed in secret. Tell me, is it not so!"

Mr. Vansittart narrowly scanned the grim face opposite, and seemed finally to decide that concealment was no longer possible.

"You are right," he answered. "Moulde—or Vansittart, call him which you will—did it all. If that young fool of a viscount had not brought a servant, and so thrown out our game, we would have been less bloodshed that night. But the witness had to be put out of the way."

"You knew the meeting of the two young men would take place!"

"I did. I had made the appointment myself—by a letter purporting to be from Saintsbury."

"Forged the letter in Saintsbury's name! But why then did Cedric Musgrave keep the appointment!"

"By a little diplomacy. The quarrel was a happy accident, upon which I could not reckon, but which served us well. The original p'an was to induce Cedric Musgrave to come out, and to disable him, and rush in and stab Lord Mervyn—others desired his death, and I wanted a witness to bear testimony that it was done by as you know, and the viscount escaped with his life, which for some things is perhaps rather a pity, though his evidence was quite able to me. Moulde, you see, was to get Corona's lover out of the way in such a manner as should completely destroy her love for him, and in this the object was accomplished, though not quite so rapidly as I once hoped. Still it will be done in time, and I am exceedingly glad the man was captured alive. I can now obtain what I choose from him. It is merely the question of a little time and patience, and ingenuity."

"But, Andrew, you cannot have accomplished all this without accomplices—and you have laid yourself at their mercy."

"Not at all. For in the first place Adams was killed before they arrived on the spot at all, and whatever they may suspect, they can prove nothing. Then they themselves are far too deeply implicated in a plot against Lord Mervyn's life to appear in these parts again. Also they are both shipped off to America long ago, and all fears of them is lost."

"Who are they!"

"Two ruffians employed by the aggrieved stage-coachman to stir up strife, and do any desperate deed that might be thought necessary. Drake was there with horse and cart to convey the prisoner away, but he saw nothing. The cart was taken from an open shed after nightfall, the horses from the common where they are often left to graze; all were restored next morning, and Jock—not a question of any kind can be raised."

"But Lord Mervyn was shut up in a sort of cupboard!"

"Yes, and whilst the men were carrying Cedric away, I, after possessing myself of his knife (I had the precaution to move my own pocket which had been employed to stab Adams), inflicted the wound which, I confess, I thought would cause fatal hemorrhage, and put a forged letter into Cedric's hands instead. It was all very simply and easily done; and the men know little enough about it—at least little enough to affect my safety in the matter. Their evidence might serve to put a rope round Moulde's neck but they have no means of connecting me with the affair. We parted from them at the entrance to the wood. All the rest was managed between Drake and myself."

Miss Vansittart sat silent, turning many things over in her mind.

"Other people may suspect more than you think. Andrew, it will come out in some unaccountable way that you are the man in the mole-skin cap."

"Let it come! It did, no one knows that he is connected with the crime."

"Cedric Musgrave does."

Mr. Vansittart started slightly.

"How do you know that!"

"He told me so himself. He said it was he who shot Adams."

"Ah! indeed; very observant of Mr. Cedric Musgrave. I hardly gave him credit for taking in so much. Well, he has sealed his own fate. He will not leave the place alive."

(To be Continued.)

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It Wouldn't Work.

"Parson Limberlip," remarked a gentleman to whom the parson had been berating his drowsy flock, "I should think a country in the choir would remedy the trouble. A good blast from that now and then would keep them around."

"Twouldn't do, sah!" remarked the parson. "Dey'd git so usted to it arter er wh le dat in de day w'en Gab'l come ter blow der ressurectum hawn, dey'd on'y jus' rous' up an' say, 'ding dat old quiah trumpet, an' den tu'n ober an' go on wid de doze."

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The pathos of child life is not only interesting, but also, in a quiet way, amusing. Not many days since the little four-year old daughter of a friend of the Tourist was told that her little friend Julia was dead. All day long the sad occurrence depressed her and she frequently remarked, "I am so sorry," and "I am so sorry for Julia."

"No," said her mother, "you should not be so sorry for Julia, but for her papa and mamma, who have lost her. Julia is happy where she is."

"Yes, I know," said the little one, as she mentally wrestled with the misty problem that we all have sooner or later to meet, "but you have to lay in the ground so long before the trumpet will blow."—*Albany Journal.*

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CHAPTER XLI.

THE GAME IS PLAYED OUT.

A terrible shock thrilled through Mrs. Mencke's nerves as she read this significant message.

"Heavens!" she cried, with a face as white as her handkerchief, "what can it mean?"

"It means, madam, that there has either been some terrible mistake, or—there has been a great wrong done, and it is discovered, shortly, as he searched the woman's colorless countenance with his keen eyes.

The message told his wretched companion a great deal. It told her that Violet had been discovered—that Wallace had found his wife, that all Wilhelm's plotting and crime had been revealed, while doubtless he had been arrested, and she might also be arraigned for complicity in the wretched business immediately upon her return.

"The message, as you perceive, was sent from New York," Mr. Middleton continued, as she did not reply, but sat staring helplessly at the words of the telegram, "so doubtless your sister is in that city at the present time. You came from New York city here, Mrs. Mencke—did you know that she was living when you presented your claim for Jonas Huntington's fortune?"

Mr. Middleton's tone was very grave as he put this pertinent question.

Mrs. Mencke's thoughts had worked very rapidly in spite of the stunning announcement that she had just read, and she realized that everything depended now upon a cool, clear head, and assuming a bold and fearless front. She bridled instantly at the lawyer's inquiry, and turned upon him an astonished and injured look.

"What a question!" she exclaimed, indignantly, "and what a perfectly absurd statement this is," she continued, running her eye again over the telegram which she still held, "for there are scores of people who would take their oath that they saw Violet Huntington buried at Mentone. Lord Cameron, the gentleman to whom she was engaged, identified the body; he is now in New York, and would swear to the fact if need be. My husband also saw it, and there are many others whom I could name, Mr. and Mrs. Hawley, and Nellie Bailey have all been to her grave, and now you ask me if I knew that she was living," and she concluded with a laugh of bitter derision.

"Then you do not believe that the person referred to in that telegram is your sister?" said Mr. Middleton, still regarding her face searchingly.

"I will swear that she is not my sister," positively asserted Mrs. Mencke, who was very glad that his question had been put in this form. "This is some miserable plot."

Mr. Middleton looked perplexed. Mrs. Mencke's statements seemed to have the ring of truth and reason in them.

"Who is this Wallace Richardson who sent the message?" he asked.

Mrs. Mencke's lips curled, and a vicious light leaped into her eyes.

"He is, or was, a beggarly carpenter who used to live here in Cincinnati, and pretended to be enamored of Violet; he even went so far as to demand her hand in marriage. His suit was of course rejected, and, now, possibly having heard of this fortune being left her, he is taking this way to be revenged upon us."

This also sounded plausible; still the astute lawyer was not convinced that it was a matter of petty revenge.

"It is very annoying," continued Mrs. Mencke, plaintively, "for I have telegraphed my husband that I shall start for New York this evening—my tickets are purchased, and I must go."

"Ahem! Of course I am not at liberty to interfere with your arrangements in any way," said Mr. Middleton, thoughtfully, "but under the circumstances I cannot surrender you the documents in my possession, and all proceedings must be stayed, as the message commands, until this matter can be thoroughly investigated."

"By whose authority?" Mrs. Mencke demanded, haughtily.

"My own, madam," he quietly returned.

At this Mrs. Mencke lost control of herself, and flew into a towering passion, declaring that she would have her rights; that she was being shamefully wronged and needlessly detained, when it was absolutely necessary that she should return immediately to New York.

Mr. Middleton listened calmly, until she concluded her tirade, when he again quietly but firmly refused to deliver Jonas Huntington's fortune to her, until he could assure himself that there was no foundation for the report he had received that morning.

Mrs. Mencke argued, pleaded, and coaxed, volunteering to bring Mr. and Mrs. Hawley and Miss Bailey to him to confirm the truth of her statements regarding the Mentone tragedy. But it was of no use; he was as immovable as a block of stone.

"While I would not presume to doubt the integrity of the parties named," he gravely said, "still, my duty as the custodian of Mr. Huntington's property and the executor of his will, will not allow me to run any risk of defrauding Miss Huntington, if she should happen to be living, of what rightfully belongs to her."

Mr. Mencke saw that argument and anger were useless, and she flounced out of the lawyer's office in high dudgeon.

She saw that she had gone the length of her rope—that her game was played out, at a fearful loss, and she would have to surrender all hope of getting possession of Jonas Huntington's fortune.

It was a terrible disappointment—a terrible humiliation, after her recent triumph in her old home.

She could not remain in Cincinnati to face the results of her failure, and she knew there might be a great risk in returning to New York; still, her curiosity to learn what had happened and how Wallace Richardson had discovered Violet, got the better of her fears, and that afternoon a express bore her swiftly back over the ground which, but a week before, she had traversed with so much confidence and hope, and when her arrival at her dreary rooms in——street, she found her worst fears realized.

It will be remembered that Mr. Lawrence was called out of town upon business the day after he had signed his will in the presence of his two friends.

This was also the day of Violet's recapture by Wilhelm Mencke, also of the departure of Mrs. Mencke for Cincinnati, and so it will be readily understood why no response came to the young girl's letter—why no effort was made to rescue her from her unfortunate situation.

Mr. Lawrence was absent six days, and all this time Violet languished in captivity, losing heart and strength with every weary day.

Her kind friend could not go to her when he did finally return, for, as he was being driven from the station to his home he was a witness to a runaway—the horses became frightened by the passing of a steam fire engine—one of the traces giving way at that moment, made them more unmanageable and they dashed at a headlong speed along the street, the carriage was overturned and demolished and Mr. Lawrence was picked up insensible and seriously injured.

Fortunately he was recognized and taken directly home. A surgeon was summoned and, upon an examination, it was found that three of the man's ribs and a leg were broken.

His injuries were repaired as far as possible, and he was made comparatively comfortable, but it was not until late the next morning that he was able to think of much beside his own sufferings.

Then he called for his letters and the first one he opened was Violet's.

He saw that it had been written a week ago that very day, and a terrible fear and anxiety took possession of him.

In great excitement he sent for his coachman and ordered him to drive at once to the residence of Hardie & Richardson, the architects, and bring Mr. Richardson back with him. If the young man was not in, he was to find out his whereabouts and bring him.

"I can trust him in this business, and I do not know to whom else to turn," the sick man murmured, wiping the perspiration from his brow, for he was terribly excited.

An hour later Wallace was sitting by his bedside while, in spite of his protestations and warnings the nurse was excluded from the room, for Mr. Lawrence wished to talk freely with his young relative and without the fear of having their conversation repeated.

Wallace, not having been told why he had been so hastily summoned began to express his sorrow for Mr. Lawrence's sufferings, when he interrupted him abruptly:

"Don't stop to talk about bodily pains," he cried, with an expression of great mental distress, "for I am in far greater anguish of mind. Will you help me?"

"Certainly. I am wholly at your service," Wallace replied, wonderingly, and wondering what sudden trouble had overtaken him.

"I knew you would be. You have heard me speak of the young lady who was governess to my daughter before her death," Mr. Lawrence began.

"Yes."

"Did I tell you that she disappeared very mysteriously a few weeks ago?"

"Yes, you mentioned it, and I saw something about it in one of the papers—her name was given as Miss Huntington."

Wallace's lips paled as he spoke the name, though he did not suspect that it had any connection with his lost love, the queen of his heart.

"Well, I have heard from her; she was kidnapped and carried to a house on——street. Where is the letter—you can read it for yourself," he interposed, looking about the bed for it.

But it had been removed by the nurse, and he would not stop to have it found.

"Never mind," he said, "I will just give the facts, and then you must act quickly. I almost fear that it is too late now to find her. She was locked up in an empty house on——street, but managed to escape from it through the scuttle in the roof, about a week ago. She fled along the roof of the houses until she came to one on a corner of the block. Here the very morning she got into trouble again. I imagine she was recaptured, but she managed some way to send a letter out, begging me to come to her aid. Of course I cannot; but you will go——"

"Yes, yes;" Wallace interposed, eagerly. "What is the number of the house?"

"I cannot tell you—she did not know evidently, but she said it was on a corner, on the south side of the street, there are three flower pots in the window, which he compared to small panes. Oh, where is that letter?" and the sick man looked anxiously about the room.

"Never mind. If that is all the description she gave you, the letter would not help me any, and I must try to find the place by those blind directions," said Wallace, who was eager to get off upon his search, for all his sympathies were strangely enlisted for this hapless young girl in her great trouble.

"Take an officer—two if need be," continued Mr. Lawrence, weakly, for he was becoming exhausted. "Do not lose any time, and never mind the expense. She must be found at any cost. Bring her here immediately."

Wallace arose; he had got the main facts of the case, and time was too precious to wait for details. He knew that whatever he did must be promptly done, while he could see that Mr. Lawrence's strength was failing under so much excitement, and he needed rest.

"You will require some money—my wallet——" began the sick man, as he turned to leave the room.

"I have money," Wallace answered, briefly, "and we will settle that later; now keep up your courage, and I will do my very best for this young lady."

He went away without another word, called a carriage at the first corner, then sought a policeman to whom he told his story, and together they drove to the street which Violet had named in her letter.

But it was not easy to find the corner which she had tried to describe. There were a great many corner houses on the south side of the street, and most of the windows had small panes of glass, while none of them had just the number of flower pots behind them that she mentioned. Unfortunately Sarah had broken two the day before. They were two long hours driving slowly up and down the street, scanning every corner house, but without being able to decide which to enter.

Finally the officer said there was a suspicious look, to him, about one, where the curtains were all down in the second story, and where one solitary flower-pot was setting in a front window, and he was going to run the risk of being wrong, and investigate.

The two men alighted, bade their coachman return for them in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes, then they quietly entered the house, the door of which was ajar, and ascended the stairs leading to the second storey.

. . . . . .

We left Violet, the third day after her sister's departure, weak and spiritless, while Sarah began to fear that she was going to be ill.

Her long season of imprisonment, inactivity, and anxiety had nearly worn her out, although we know how bravely she had tried to keep up and look upon the bright side of her troubles; but her appetite forsook her, she refused to eat, and of course her strength failed rapidly.

The fourth day Sarah could not even force her to eat anything, and she made no effort to rise.

The fifth day she seemed to be sinking into a state of lethargy, and Sarah, becoming alarmed, told Mr. Mencke that she must have a doctor.

The man himself looked very anxious when he found that she was so much worse, but he did not seem willing to call medical aid, although he promised to do so if she were no better on the morrow.

Violet's condition appeared even more alarming when the morrow came, but Mr. Mencke did not make his appearance at all that day.

He had received a telegram from his wife, saying that she would leave for New York the next afternoon but one—that everything was working just as they desired, and she hinted that it would be well to have all preparations completed for their journey north.

Mr. Mencke was so elated over this report that he was indignant when, about eleven o'clock, on the seventh day after his wife's departure, he made his appearance, and unaccompanied by a physician, for Violet seemed very low, and she treated him soundly for his negligence and indifference.

"I don't like this business at all," she told him, "and you may get some one else to do your miserable work, for I am not going to stay here to have the girl die on my hands."

"Pooh! she isn't going to die," he affirmed; nevertheless, he was very uneasy as he noticed Violet's extreme pallor, and the dark circles under her half closed eyes, which appeared to be nothing else but eyes, for she lay motionless, except for the heaving of her chest.

"House up, Violet, and eat something. You must not be sick, you know," he said, bending over her, and taking one of her limp cold hands in his.

But a faint fluttering of her white lids was all the evidence the girl gave that she heard him.

She is just like that all the time, and won't touch a thing, though I've managed to force a few drops of milk between her lips now and then," Sarah said, a heavy cloud on her brow.

"You must get a doctor!" she added, resolutely; "if you don't, I'm going to the Police Headquarters and tell the whole story."

"You just shut up that kind of talk," the man returned, angrily, and with a menacing look. "I'm not going to be driven with threats; but I guess she'd better have a doctor and I'll see about it at once."

He turned to leave the room, as if to put his resolution into execution, when just at that instant there came a sharp tap upon the door.

He opened it, without a suspicion of what was awaiting him, and a look of stupid wonder overspread his face as he found himself suddenly confronted by two men, the foremost one an officer of the law, while the sight of Wallace Richardson just behind, told him that his game was up.

"Mr. Mencke!" Wallace exclaimed, no less astonished than the plotter himself.

But he had no opportunity to say more, for the officer, who had taken in the situation with one quick glance about the room, clapped his hand upon the man's shoulder, remarking, sternly:

"You are my prisoner, sir!"

"Not if I know it!" retorted Wilhelm Mencke, wrenching himself from his grasp, and then making a bold spring forward to force his way past them.

But officer and Wallace both closed upon him. There was a short, desperate struggle, then a sharp cry of pain, followed by a curse, and Wilhelm Mencke stood, pale, meek and helpless as a child, from the wrench which the officer had given to a pair of nippers that he had deftly slipped about his wrist.

The next moment he was securely handcuffed, and obeyed in sullen silence when the policeman commanded him to "go inside and sit down."

He was followed by the officer and by Wallace, who, until that moment, had only caught an indistinct glimpse of the slight figure lying upon the bed, while he had been so taken by surprise, and so occupied assisting in making the arrest, that he had scarcely given a thought to the other occupants of the room.

Now, however, as he entered and cast a curious look from Sarah to the bed, he caught sight of Violet's face.

As long as he lived he never forgot the shock that shook him like a reed from head to foot and almost seemed to rend his soul from his body.

There was one awful moment of dumb agony, then with a wild, hoarse cry, which for months afterwards those who heard it, in terror, waked on his knees beside that still form and gathered it close into his arms, while he piteously begged Violet to speak to him.

"Oh! my darling," he sobbed, in tearless agony, "you did not die after all. I am not dead as they told you—they lied to you—they deceived us both! Oh! these endless years of longing—of soul-hunger for you! how I have borne them! You must not die now, Violet! Wake, speak to me, love, my heart's queen."

She did not move—there were no signs of life about her, save the gentle heaving of her chest and the wild beating of her heart—the faint vibration of her weak pulse.

"What have you done to her?" Wallace demanded almost fiercely, as he turned upon Sarah, who had been regarding the scene with wondering amazement.

"Nothing, sir," she answered, white and trembling, "only she would not eat—she seemed to lose heart a few days ago, and fell into this stupor."

Wallace laid the precious form back upon the bed, a look of anguish on his face.

"Have you wine?" he demanded of the woman.

"No, there is none here."

"Brandy, then—whisky—anything to put a little life into her. Quick! quick!" he cried, in trembling tones.

Sarah searched in Mrs. Mencke's closet and brought out a bottle labelled "Brandy," in which there were a few spoonfuls.

There was part of a glass of milk upon the table beside the bed. Wallace poured some of the brandy into it, and forcing Violet's white lips apart, put a few drops of the mixture between them.

(To be Continued.)

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Columns" SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

ZELTER.—This shows self-will, good intuition, some petulance and energy.

FOREMAN.—You are decisive, shrewd, methodical, cheerful and courageous.

ETHEL.—This indicates courage, energy, self-reliance, method, candor, ambition, and an even temper.

MADGE.—Tale writing exhibits energy, some self-shness, captious temper, some pride and a great deal of ambition.

THALIA.—In this I see ambition, quickness of perception, vanity, self-reliance, originality, generosity and indecision.

NELLY UNE.—You are vain, self reliant, resolute, persevering, a little flippant, very tender-hearted, but self-willed.

SCEPTIC.—This writing betrays energy, an imaginative disposition, generosity, candor, sympathy, quiet humor, self-will and ambition.

CONSTANCE of Detroit.—This writing displays originality, affection, impulse, energy, self-will, penetration, resolution and high sense of honor.

SACRED LILY.—Your writing shows perseverance, a decided will, a good deal of shrewdness, some caution, self-reliance and too much reserve.

A LONGING ONE.—Your writing signifies self-esteem, good imitative abilities, sensitiveness, sympathy and candor. *May* thanks for your good wishes.

CURIO, Toronto.—This shows sense of honor, quickness of perception, dexterity of hand, a sympathetic nature, perseverance, self-esteem and some indecision.

DON BAMBOULA.—Do not let her go. You are open-hearted and free-handed, willful, hasty-tempered, imaginative, sensitive and careless. A Quite right, monsieur.

ALTER EGO.—You are just, ambitious, fond of social life, follow your first opinions with usually good results, generous, a little indolent, original in your ideas and possessed of good tact.

PANSY.—Don't you think you played a very shabby trick in sending that "fearfully and wonderfully" disguised specimen along with your own. Will you please imagine the footmark at you—very hard, and—don't do it again.

VALERIE HERBERT.—Your letter must have gone astray, and I do not at all remember your pretty name. This writing indicates some selfishness, self-esteem and cheerfulness, very little order, a good deal of tenderness and candor.

MARIE.—Your writing indicates love of admiration, energy, courage, reserve and much finesse of feeling. The enclosed specimen denotes extreme good nature, much sense of feeling, a brave, practical nature, decided opinions and much faithfulness in friendship.

QUERIST.—What an enquiring lot of people you must be up there! You see I am not giving names of cities or towns now, so I may call you our one without giving you a "local habitation." Your writing shows ambition for admiration, tenderness, candor, justice and ambition.

FRANCESCA.—Why so skeptical, my friend? This shows originality, humor, cheerfulness, vanity, good sense and ability, tenacity of purpose and a hasty temper. The enclosed is indicative of good practical ability, some fondness for admiration, tenderness, vivacity, strength of purpose and a highly sensitive and refined nature.

AVE ATQUE VALE.—Many thanks for your assurance of a correct reading of your writing's characteristics. The enclosed specimen exhibits tenderness, candor, quickness of perception, a frank and unostentatious nature, strength of purpose and a judiciously firm will. Will you send me word if this seems correct by you, mentioning the writer's name and your *nom de plume!* that I may remember the circumstances.

BOSTON.—Thank you for writing the second time. I was about to reply to your initials for want of a pseudonym. The bros shows splendid reasoning power, good memory, mirth, calculation, and eye for color. The eyebrows show tenacity of purpose, impulse and power of concentration. The eyes indicate candor, the nose curiosity and sensitiveness, the ears generosity, and what I can see of the lips intensifies the pertinacity of the eyebrows. Am returning the photograph.

TOPSY.—Try salt and lemon juice for cleansing the tin. 2. Your form is well treated, I think, but I fear you won't not water it until the earth is dry. You may sprinkle the fronds, but do not saturate the roots too often, if the pot stands in a saucer of oil of dandy. Place it out a north or west window, and you may keep your south and east ones for plants requiring the morning sun. Your writing displays good practical ability, generosity, firmness, some vanity and a good deal of negligence in little things.

BRUNETTA.—The girls may have been thoughtless, but they lay themselves open to harsh criticism. Don't do it again. 2. He was rude. 3. Your writing shows fondness for admiration, independence, energy, perseverance, and a placid and easy going disposition. The enclosed shows self-esteem, hasty temper, fondness for ostentatious display, cordiality and perseverance. Why do you waste your time and mine by taking so much pains to disguise your writing. It is a very stupid trick, and has a woefully unsuccessful one.

SWEETHEART.—Were you afraid that my "witchcraft" would detect the author of it you angered me at the outset by leaving out the customary address? Your writing indicates a good deal of independence, energy, perseverance, cheerfulness, warmth of heart and a little vanity. 2. I should be sorry to think that women and men could never be the best of friends without any love in the matter, but if I were you I would not build too stately a castle upon the friendship foundation. Why not write me some time, and accept my kindest wishes in return for your pretty-worded holiday greeting.

LITTLE MRS. MEAN.—Your interesting letter was not one of the boring kind. Will you write sig-in sometimes. I am glad you like cheerful people for "like takes to like," you know. Thank you for your kind wishes. May I offer you mine in return. Oh, please do not write of getting "old" and "stale" and "used up" yet. You will make one grand mistake if you try to do so. Some of us were not constructed upon that principle, and the word "staid" is too dignified and entirely too improbable an adjective for some people. Your writing shows method, decision, candor, thoughtfulness, a practical nature, an original way of looking at things, a good opinion of yourself and good calculation.

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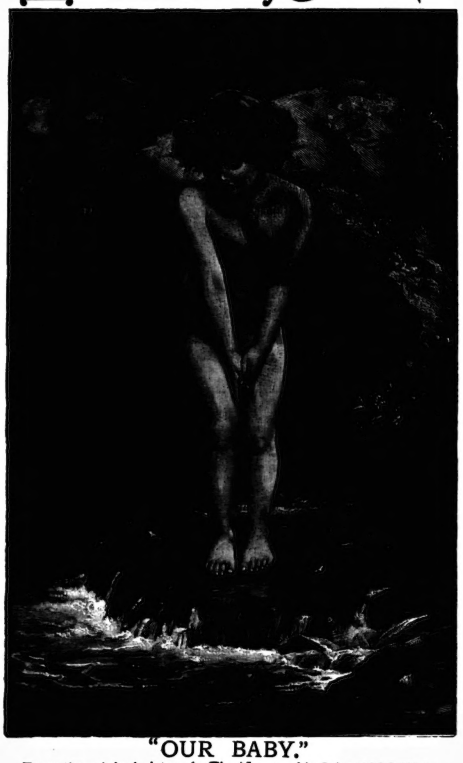

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Loving Man—Marion, why do you doubt me?

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Marion—But, George?

George—Yes, dearest.

Marion—Of course we shall get tired of all this embracing business, and what shall we do to entertain ourselves then?

George—I'm sure I don't know. I suppose we shall get enough of this after a while.

Marion—What I want to know is, have we any tastes in common? Do you like music?

George (frankly)—No, I hate it.

Marion—And you like dogs and I hate them; I'm afraid of them.

George—And you like to go out into society a lot, and I don't.

Marion—And you like an awful queer set that I should be sure to hate.

George—And I never could bear your mother and older brother. Your brother is a muff and your mother is an old hen.

Marion—Well, now, how much better it is to say this to each other before a marriage than afterward. Now, had we better marry each other?

George—Well, what do you think? I suppose we should quarrel.

Marion—And make every one around us unhappy.

George—And kissing wouldn't go for much then, would it?

Marion—It would seem a trifle inconsistent.

George—And I know a girl who likes dogs and hates society.

Marion—And there is another man wants me who loves music and society.

George—Well, supposing you take him.

Marion—I will if you'll have that other girl.

George—And then we won't have to quarrel.

Marion—Never: we'll be the best of friends.

(Shake hands and part.)—*Boston Gazette.*

A Dainty Lock.

A curious padlock, probably the most ingenious ever made, was constructed in England the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, by a blacksmith named Mark Scarliot. It consisted of eleven pieces of iron, steel and brass, all of which, together with the key and chain to which it was attached, weighed less than one grain and a half. The gold chain which fastened lock and key together had forty-three links, and when complete, Scarliot put the chain about the neck of a common flea, and the little insect drew it over a silver plate with perfect ease.

Cercle Francais Litteraire de Toronto.

Under the above title a society was formed sometime ago, and according to rules—which are strictly enforced by the president—no other but the French language is spoken. Ladies and gentlemen who have some knowledge of the French language may become members for improvement in French conversation. The offices are honorary. The subjects of conversation are literature, recitations, etc., and every-day conversations, which are regulated by rules. The Cercle meets every Friday. The officers are: Mr. Jean Trancie-Armand, president; Dr. A. Hamilton, vice-president; Mrs. Walter Douville, secretary; and Mr. Walter Douville, treasurer.

Sig. El. Robini has removed to 82 Church street, where he is now receiving his pupils and classes as usual.

Stories of a Diplomatist.

"I never hear of the sacredness that hedges around an ambassador," said a much-traveled Chicagoan in the Richelieu cafe, "that I do not think of an incident to which I was an unobserved witness. You all remember the broad blaze of glory that marked the path of that great diplomat, the gallant Gen. Winston, when he made his famous trip from Chicago to Persia. It was via New York, London, Paris, and pretty much the entire continent. Do you remember it? You may not know, however, that sign boards now mark that path, and that the tolls have been increased—but this by the way.

"I chanced one day about five years ago to be standing in a railroad station, I forget the name, just within the French border. A train from the other side came rolling in, and from one of the apartments stepped a most distinguished looking gentleman, his strong face adorned with heavy gray moustache. Of fine physique, he was tall, erect, and all that sort of thing, and his glance which swept the station like the rays of a policeman's bull's-eye, any observer possessing the slightest imagination would have likened to that of an eagle. Well, after sweeping the station pretty clean, the glance fell on a pyramid of baggage at one end, thither the military-looking man walked with that graceful but confident tread that betrays the personage of an old campaigner. Just as he reached the pyramid a Custom House officer in uniform took hold of a trunk as if to open it. The military-looking man touched him on the shoulder, and in English bade him drop the trunk. The officer, who did not speak English, gazed at the military-looking man in amazement. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and made as if to carry the trunk away. But this the military-looking man was averse to, and he stated his objections in excellent English, to which the customs officer replied in equally excellent French. From where I stood I couldn't hear all that was said, but seeing half-a-dozen officers attracted by the debate run up to the pair, I approached. As I did so I heard the military-looking man exclaim:

"'I tell you that I am the United States Minister to Persia! Can't you understand good plain English? (I afterward learned that the military man never could believe anyone was so dull as not to understand plain English.) I am on my way to Persia, and you have no right to look into my baggage. I'm no smuggler. And what's more,' he added, as the officers surrounded the baggage and grabbed several pieces, 'I won't have you look into it.' Whereupon he sprang on the top of the pyramid and, brandishing his cane in a manner that suggested to me brave Rhoderic Dhu, played about him right vigorously and to the dismay of the officers, who jumped back from the pile and danced nimbly about as they sucked their soundly thumped fingers. Could the American eagle have been there he would have screamed his delight in sixteen languages. What would have been the outcome had not the captain of the officers come up at this juncture, I can't say. When the occurrence had been explained to him he was furious and was about to lead a charge on the military-looking man, into whose face had come an expression of joyous anticipation, when he thought fit to address him. He did so in English, inquiring what he meant by such conduct. The military-looking man replied that he was the United States Minister to Persia. But before he could go further the captain had doffed his hat, bowed low, and asked ten thousand pardons. The military-looking man, who was none other than the brave Gen. Winston, jumped down at this, said it was all right, that no harm had been done, and distributing some money to the men whose knuckles he had whacked, he was directed to his hotel, where his baggage, uninspected, followed without delay."

The health of the soldier diplomat was quaffed from broad-mouthed glasses, and then a young member of the English diplomatic service observed that Winston was a familiar name. He wondered if it were the same about whom he had heard a story in which a certain Count von Schierbrand also figured. He was assured that it must be the same. He smiled and said; "I got the story from an English officer who was in Persia at the time it happened. It seems, according to the story, that Count von Schierbrand, a well known writer and newspaper correspondent, was attached to Gen. Winston in the capacity of secretary and interpreter, the count being also an accomplished polyglot. He is a small man, looking particularly so, I believe, when ranged alongside the general. Well, on the day in question, the general, accompanied by his staff and legation, his son constituting his staff and the count his legation, spent the morning in walking. They covered quite a bit of ground, and the weather being very warm, were not a little fatigued upon their return. They were due to dine that afternoon with the Shah, and spying a bottle of liquor on the table upon entering their apartments, the general, staff, and legation partook of it as a sort of restor without fear, conscientious scruple, or backwardness. Had it been of American manufacture all would have been well. But alas! it was a compound made in Persia and possessed a strength four times greater than the finest of Kentucky brands. No one complained, however, until the count, happening to think of the dinner with his Majesty, mentioned the engagement. The general didn't want any dinner. He was all right and happy. But the count, recognizing the unwisdom of ignoring a royal invitation, an act equivalent to an insult, declared that it would never do to remain away.

"'Indeed!' the general exclaimed. 'Well, I want it understood right here that when I isn't hungry I don't eat. See?'

"The legation appealed to the staff, which saw the truth of the situation, and urged the general to brace up and get ready to eat. But no, the general wouldn't. He wasn't hungry, and he didn't propose to staff himself with any —— old Persian truck. He knew his business. And when the count further endeavored to remonstrate the general told him he didn't know what he was talking about. This made the count mad, and he politely but firmly called the general a —— fool. At this the general, who was tired out, succumbed. The epithet drove all trace of anger from him, and gazing at the count with a sad, far-away look in his eye, he sank into his chair, exclaiming in heartbroken tones as he did so:

"'My God! To think of my coming all the way from Chicago to Persia to be called a —— fool by a little Dutchman!'

"The abject forlornness indicated by the general's tones," the Englishman continued, "turned the count's wrath to amusement. That the general might not see him smile, however, he thrust his hand into his right hip pocket for his handkerchief. That movement was the last straw. The count during his travels had been in the habit of carrying a revolver in that pocket. The general knew it, and erroneously divining the purpose of the count's motion, he cried before the latter could withdraw his hand:

"'Don't shoot.'

"And without another word he hastily got himself together, and in a few moments, decked out in full uniform, marched into the presence of the Shah and sat down at the royal table, flanked on his right by his staff and on the left by his legation."—*Chicago Post.*

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Subscription $4. Two tickets to each concert. Two concerts to be given this season. List closed to subscribers Jan 13. General plan opens at Nordheimers' Jan. 15. Apply for subscription and information to J. W. STOCKWELL, Esq., 103 King St. West. Telephone 1258.

P. S.—Net proceeds this season to be devoted to the Library Fund, University of Toronto.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of ten per cent. upon the paid-up capital stock in this Institution has been declared for the current year, and that the same will be payable at the office of the Company, Adelaide Street West, on and after

Thursday, the 15th Day of January Next

The transfer books will be closed from the 5th to the 15th day of January next, both days inclusive, by order of the Board.

E. E. SHEPPARD, Manager.

Toronto, December 23, 1890.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Ontario Legislature at its next session for an Act to incorporate the Ontario Co-operation of Disciples of Christ with powers for taking, holding and alienating property, real and personal.

The said Society is formed for the purpose of aiding missionary, educational and congregational efforts in connection with a body of Christians known as Disciples of Christ.

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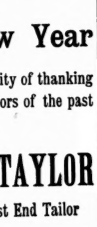

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Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of Toronto, which should have taken place at the Office of the Company on the Seventh day of December, 1890, was adjourned to and will take place at the Office of the Company, No. 35 Front Street East, Toronto, on MONDAY, THE TWELFTH DAY OF JANUARY, A.D. 1891, at the hour of TWO O'CLOCK P.M. for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the confirming and adoption of the annual statements of the present directors. Also for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

E. C. WARREN, Secretary.

My First Appearance.

I can state, not as a fact of remembrance, but as a bit of hearsay evidence, writes Francis Wilson in *Lippincott's Magazine*, that I began my musical career in Philadelphia on February 7, 1854. That was the first time I ever used my voice. Indeed, I sometimes think that it was used to such an extent in those days of infancy that it became stunted as it older grew, although I must confess that this thought was not wholly original with me, but has been so frequently suggested by my critics that it has become a rock rooted conviction. I don't think my fondness for the stage could have been inherited; for none of my family had ever been associated with the drama in any way; in fact, my parents were members of the Society of Friends and looked with much disfavor upon everything theatrical. Yet I can't remember when I began my ambition to act. I know I was nearly ten years of age when my hopes were realized in a humble way. I was dividing my attention between my school studies and the practice of jig dancing in our cellar, when I chanced to hear that a man known as "Billy" Wright, who played in a concert hall out in the Kensington district of Philadelphia, had assisted several amateur performers to obtain engagements. I sought him, and after he had looked my little figure over with much amusement he requested me to show him how much I knew about dancing. So, while he whistled the "Essence of Ole Virginny" for me, I jigged away as best I could. He complimented me, and directed me to Sam Sanford, who then managed a minstrel company in Third street, far up town, and by whom I was engaged. I was christened on the play bills "Master Johnny." My first public appearance was made in the familiar negro farce "The Virginia Mummy." Oh, the pride I felt when I emerged from the dark and dingy stage door up a dirty alley after my initial performance! At last a real foothold had been secured on the ladder of fame, I thought. My importance as a factor in the dramatic world was magnified on salary day upon receiving my earnings entirely in pennies. I don't remember how much I received, for the amount was of very little consequence to me; the glory of acting and the pleasure of knowing that my name was actually on the pay roll of the theater were quite enough for me. I appeared in the little sketches, danced and sang with blackened face, and, in short, performed about anything I was called upon to do. My parents and acquaintances knew nothing of my employment, and a safe means of effecting egress and ingress to my room at night was devised without the knowledge of any one of the household. But the secret was soon discovered, despite my precaution, for my mother found that the pillow-cases invariably showed streaks of burnt cork, which a hurried toilet at the theater had failed to remove from my face. I was suspected, watched, detected, and then began a period of punishments, trials, and bitter disappointments. But a few weeks of exemplary though insincere conduct gained some remission; and back I went to Sanford's. I was again found out and reprimanded, but I had grown bolder and more determined by this time, and frequently I threw off all the restraints of home and ran away to join some strolling company.

The Root of the Evil.

He—While the choir was trying to master the new Te Deum the other night at the church rehearsal, the organ suddenly stopped, and we found the boy who had been blowing it flat on his back, unconscious.

She—What did you do, send for a doctor?

He—No. We stopped singing.—*Life.*

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Births.

GODFREY—At 85 Garden avenue, Toronto, on January 12, Mrs Henry Godfrey—a son.

BICKELL—At 48 St. James avenue, Toronto, Mrs. J. N. B. Bickell—a son.

BURT—At Toronto, on January 14, Mrs. A. J. Burt—a daughter.

URQUHART—At Maryland, Que., on January 6, Mrs. R. Urquhart—a son.

CLARKSON—At Toronto, on January 1, Mrs. G. H. Clarkson—a son.

DUNLOP—At Toronto, on January 9, Mrs. Stevenson Dunlop—a son.

HORLEY—At Toronto, on January 9, Mrs. W. Horley—a son.

NICHOLS—At Thessalon, on January 6, Mrs. W. L. Nichols—a daughter.

BAXTER—At Toronto, on January 8, Mrs. James H. Baxter—a son.

HEWARD—At Toronto, on January 10, Mrs. C. Edin Heward—a daughter.

PARKER—At Toronto, on January 8, Mrs. Thomas Parker

SHEARD—At Toronto, on January 5, Mrs. Sheard—a son.

FIELD—At Toronto, on January 14, Mrs. W. H. Field—a daughter.

Marriages.

RAMSAY—FOWLER—By Rev. J. G. Lewis, W. E. Ramsay, late of Norwich, Norfolk, England, to Annath Fowler of Toronto.

CRESSELL—COFFEY—At Toronto, on January 6, Joseph Cresswell to Nora Coffey.

COTES—DUNCAN—At Calcutta, on December 6, Everard Charles Cotes of Calcutta to Sara Jeanette Duncan of Brantford.

VAUGHAN—HARPER—At Toronto on January 8, George Vaughan to Kate Clara Harper of Albion, Ont.

LOCKHART—BURRITT—At Toronto, on January 13, Reginald H. Lockhart to Louise Strong Burritt.

HUSTER—COOPER—At Glen Williams, on January 7, A. M. Huster of Barrie to Jessie Cooper.

BISHOP—GILBERT—At Willard N. Y., on January 8, Edwin R. Bishop, M. D., to Bessie Gilbert.

SCARLETT—WORTHY—At Toronto, on January 7, Robert Arthur Scarlett to Eleanor Frances Worthy.

Deaths.

BALDWIN—At Toronto, on January 10, William M. Baldwin, aged 61 years.

NEWTON—At Toronto, on January 11, Mrs. George Newton, aged 59 years.

COLLAR—At Detroit, on January 8, John Collar, aged 89 years.

RYALL—At Hamilton, on January 12, Ella De Renzie Ryall.

DUCK—At the Humber, on January 14, John Duck, aged 85 years.

BURT—At Toronto, on January 11, Robert Burt, aged 62 years.

CAMPBELL—On January 9 James Campbell.

DAVIS—At Minneapolis, Minn., on January 4, Ceci l H. Davis, aged 2 years.

EAGLE—At Toronto, on January 10, John Eagle, aged 72 years

HARVETT—At Toronto, on January 9, Mrs. William Harvett.

LEFROY—At Toronto, on January 9, Mrs. George Lefroy.

LAIRD—At Hamilton, on January 11, Rev. Wm. H. Laird, aged 55 years.

MAHONEY—At Orillia, on January 8, James Mahoney, aged 79 years.

MORANT—At Toronto, on January 9, James M. Morant, aged 22 years.

WARREN—At Warren, on January 9, only son of Frederick B. and Violet Warren, aged 2 years.

HICKSON—At Lynchburg, Va., on January 8, Edward Hickson.

LEPPER—At Toronto, on January 12, Arthur Lepper, aged 76 years.

ALLEN—At Toronto, on January 12, daughter of W. E. Allen, aged 3 years.

CURZON—On January 11, Edwin, infant son of Robert T. and Rebecca Curzon, aged 5 months.

McROBERTS—At Toronto, on January 12, John B. McRoberts, aged 45 years.

WHITE—At Toronto, on January 10, Horace George White, aged 21 years.

McGILLION—At West Toronto Junction, on January 14, Mrs. James McGillion.

BARFETT—At Newcastle, on January 14, Mrs. Robert Barfett, aged 27 years.

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